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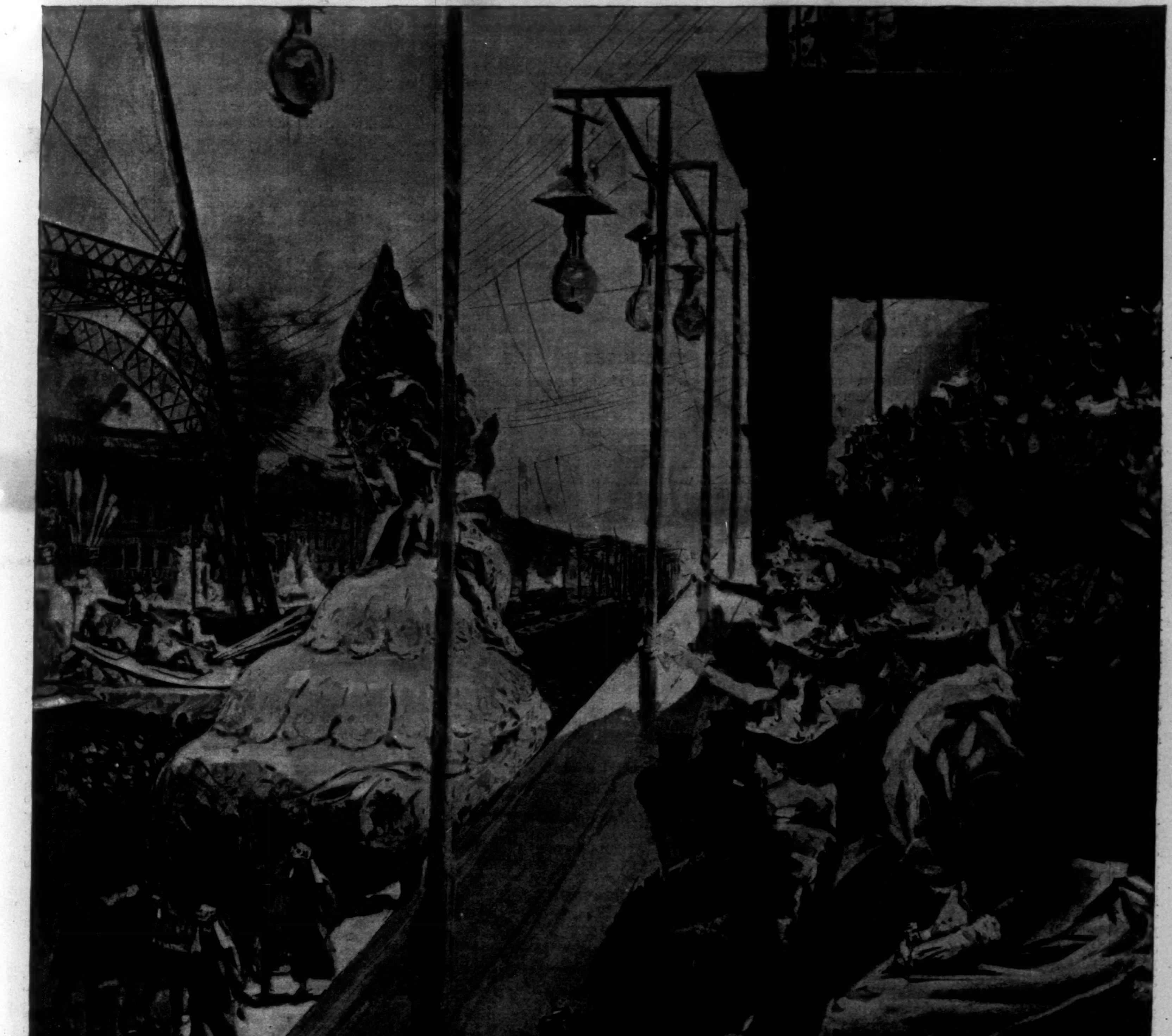

THE NEW ORLEANS MARDI-GRAS—THE REX PROCESSION.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 285.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
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THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW.

II.—OUR TROOPS ON THE BORDER.

The Second paper in the series entitled "The West from a Car Window," by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, *will be published in the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *with Illustrations by* FREDERIC REMINGTON.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

MR. CLEVELAND is now the most interesting figure in our politics. He is a Democrat who, so far as we know, has always supported the "regular" action of his party, and who by the force of his personality and his political honesty, combined with a sudden division in the Republican party, became Governor of New York by an unprecedented majority. This fact and his course as Governor, together with a Republican bolt from the Republican candidate on personal grounds, made Mr. CLEVELAND President in 1884. His administration more than all other reasons together diminished the profound distrust of his party which had deprived it of national power for a quarter of a century, and his administration ended by giving to his party what it had wanted for many years, a definite policy upon a great public question which was entirely disconnected with the absorbing controversy of half a century. This policy was submitted to the popular vote in 1888, with Mr. CLEVELAND as the candidate, and, by trading at the polls in New York and Indiana, he was defeated. His inestimable service to his party lay in his honesty, his courage, his practical good sense applied to public affairs. The great result of his administration was the evidence which it offered that political divisions in the country had again become constitutional and not revolutionary. Yet despite this immense service it was plain that Mr. CLEVELAND was not an acceptable representative to a large, if not a controlling, body of his party, until now it is clear that the difference of feeling in his party is so great as to make his nomination this year highly improbable.

This is the more to be regretted because a general and cordial party union upon him as its candidate would at once make the Democratic party the party of the right view of the three chief issues in our politics. These issues are sound currency, tariff reform, and civil service reform. Mr. CLEVELAND is the only prominent public man in the country who is identified with these three policies, and his hearty and unanimous selection as the party candidate would be the assurance that in their prosecution he would be as cordially sustained by his party as JACKSON in his crusade against the Bank. It is obvious, however, that this is not the situation. He is undoubtedly the choice of the more intelligent Democrats, but that is all. Mr. FLOWER and the HILL-Tammany power carried the State of New York last year by a very large majority, but nobody supposes that Mr. CLEVELAND could carry it by such a majority, and the fair probability is that his Democratic opponents would take care, as they did in 1888, that he should not carry it at all. This situation and the relation of Mr. CLEVELAND to his party throw a great deal of light upon the Democratic party itself, viewed as an agency of reform. No party so thoroughly discredited as the Democratic party at the close of the war ever had so unexpected and extraordinary an opportunity of recuperation as was offered to it by the nomination and election of Mr. CLEVELAND; and the fact that in his party Convention of this year in his own State to select delegates to speak for New York in the nomination for the Presidency his name was not even mentioned, while the delegation was instructed to present as the New York candidate a Democrat who is the representative of political views and practices which are the absolute reverse of those of Mr. CLEVELAND, and which honest citizens abhor, shows how completely the Democratic party has lost its opportunity.

It is the weakness of the Democratic protest in New York against Senator HILL that it is not a condemnation of his real offences against honest government and the public welfare. The extraordinary proceedings by which he secured a majority of his party in the Senate are acts that ought to startle the public mind, wholly without regard to party, as crimes against popular government. But against these crimes the "State Democracy" made no protest. The Democrats who denounce so strongly the call of a convention in midwinter raised no outcry against the monstrous "theft" of the Senate, even if all of them did not agree with one of their associates that it was a "splendid service." Apparently if the State Convention had been sure to send CLEVELAND delegates to the National Convention the conduct of Mr. HILL, which morally disqualifies him for any public office whatever, would have been accepted by the State Democracy without censure or protest. This fact deprives the movement of moral significance. It is not undertaken in the interests of political morality, but of a party. Here was another opportunity lost to make the Democratic party stand for honest government on sound principles. So in Congress, honest-money Democrats beseech Republicans to help them save the currency. But the party reply is conclusive: "The currency is safe with the veto of a Republican President. But the Democrats have here an overwhelming majority, and are about to appeal to the country. Why, then, since no harm to the currency will follow, should the Republicans prevent the Democrats from showing to the country that their majority is willing to debase the currency?" In other words, why should the Republicans enable the Democratic party to carry the elections under false pretence? In the present situation the defeat of the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND, which now seems probable, would be a very serious event for the Democratic party.

THE FIRST BATTLE.

THE action of the Democratic House on the consideration of the BLAND bill and the conduct of the Democratic Speaker show unmistakably the dangerous tendency of the party upon the question of the currency. This was made more evident by the speech of Mr. GEORGE F. WILLIAMS, of Massachusetts. Mr. WILLIAMS was a Republican mugwump of 1884. He is an excellent example of the younger tariff reformers and civil service reformers who decided that identification with a party was desirable, and that the Democratic party upon the whole seemed to be preferable. Mr. WILLIAMS and his friends have labored strenuously and most sincerely in the Democratic councils to subordinate all current public issues to the question of tariff reform, and especially to prevent the party from debasing the currency. Mr. WILLIAMS is understood to be the author in large part of the late admirable minority report on the coinage of silver. He is understood, also, to have been among the most earnest of the Democrats who urged the co-operation of Republicans in opposing the taking up of the BLAND bill.

Mr. WILLIAMS, in fact, is a representative of the views and character which a large number of younger Democrats wish to believe are the views and character of the Democratic party, but which those beyond the party pale are as yet unable to see are in any sense distinctively Democratic. Mr. WILLIAMS has the courage of his opinions, and when the Speaker ruled that the question of taking up the BLAND bill should have the right of way, Mr. WILLIAMS, in a perfectly plain-spoken appeal to his fellow-Democrats, stated that the party had carried the country overwhelmingly by certain pledges, and that it was now proposed to give the lie to one of the most important of them. If in violation of its declaration that it was opposed to free silver, the party should now favor it, reform of the tariff was at an end, and Democratic disaster was at hand. Mr. WILLIAMS was followed by Mr. REED, who pointed out that Mr. WILLIAMS had practically conceded that the Democratic party had succeeded in the election by false pledges, pledges which it was now breaking, and uncovering itself to the gaze of the American people.

But notwithstanding the strong appeal of Mr. WILLIAMS, who spoke for the new vote which had given power to the Democratic party, and the taunts of Mr. REED, which forecast the Republican course upon the stump this year, the Democratic majority by an overwhelming vote resolved to consider the bill. It is an incident which is most suggestive. The Democratic Representatives discard the counsel of their most crafty and experienced leaders like Mr. CARLISLE and Mr. MILLS, who, although free-silver men, would hold the question in abeyance until the party should regain power, as they hope, upon the issue of tariff reform, and the Democratic House so identifies the party with a dishonest currency that it must lie under suspicion, whatever disposition may be made of a particular bill. The Democrats have lost the first battle of the Presidential campaign, and the consequence must be greatly to increase the demoralization and the angry breach which already exist in the party.

GOVERNOR FLOWER TO THE RESCUE.

GOVERNOR FLOWER'S message upon the monstrous bridge and railroad legislation at Albany is the first effective protest against the headlong rapacity of the schemes of the present Democratic ring in the State. The pressure upon him of party leaders to sign the bill, according to the *Times*, "has been simply terrific." But happily, as the Governor says, it is a business proposition, and such a proposition he understands. New York and Brooklyn, he says, do not need to grant franchises gratis to build them up. They are already established, and all remaining municipal franchises have great present or future value.

This being so, the proper course is a careful scheme of municipal compensation, based upon future earnings rather than upon present estimates and the uncertain value of privileges granted. This ought to satisfy both the public and the investor. Had it been adopted long ago, the city would now at least be enjoying a share of the immense profits derived from franchises which were given away. The annual revenue of the city of Paris from railroad, gas, water, coal, and other companies which enjoy public privileges varies from $6,000,000 to $8,000,000.

It is a very timely and sensible message, and the Governor will be sustained in his action by the whole body of intelligent citizens in the State as well as in the city. It shows also that the ring cannot be sure of controlling his action at every point, and affords so much hope to honest and decent citizens. The bills were withdrawn from the executive chamber, amended as the Governor suggested, and were then approved by him. Governor FLOWER has also approved the appropriation of $800,000 for continuing the work on the State Capitol. A careful estimate of the total further expense of completion, including this year's appropriation, is about two millions and a quarter, and the Governor holds that the wisest economy is to complete the building, which with the grant and the estimate could be done during his term, and to the great satisfaction of the tax-payers. When it was begun, the Capitol was to cost $4,000,000. When completed, under the present estimate, it will have cost more than $21,000,000.

THE SALE OF OFFICES.

MR. A. R. CONKLING, in the New York Assembly, recently introduced a bill for the prohibition of contributions for political purposes by candidates for judicial offices, which was defeated by Democratic votes. As the New York *Times* truly says, "the people of the State and of the nation are taking note of such demonstrations of hollowness and Democratic professions." But did anybody ever believe them who had read Mr. RICHARD CROKER'S remarks upon the subject a week or two after the late election, in which he and his friends had carried the State by a tremendous majority? Judge PRYOR, who was elected to the Common Pleas bench, had said that his election expenses were $10,500, of which $10,000 was paid to Tammany Hall, of which Mr. RICHARD CROKER is chief, and $500 to "the VOORHIS organization." Judge PRYOR wrote afterward in a deprecatory tone, which shows a due appreciation of the power of Tammany, "I did not blame Tammany or any other organization for the system of assessments, but the state of things which appears to make necessary such an enormous outlay for the expense of elections."

Mr. CROKER said:

> "If the candidates do not pay the expenses of their own campaign, who will? General PRYOR, in his official statement, says that $8870 of the money paid by him to Tammany Hall was to employ men to work for him at the polls. It was a perfectly legitimate expense. The men all had his pasters ready when called for, and they also watched the count of the votes. In my opinion, all who run for high-salaried offices and for long terms should pay the expenses of their campaigns. I do not think the city or the State should be compelled to pay for even the official ballots."

As Mr. CROKER is understood to be one of the bosses of the Legislature as well as of Tammany Hall, these remarks forecast the fate of any proposition whatever to promote honest elections. There is no more outrageous abuse than such assessments upon judicial or other candidates. They are equivalent to an open sale of the office, for we presume there is no doubt that no man who was known absolutely to refuse to pay an assessment would receive a nomination. The boss of Tammany discloses the strictly business view that he takes of the subject by saying that those who run for high-salaried offices should pay the expenses of the campaign. But the actual expense of election for one office upon a ticket is no higher than for every other. It is as costly to print and distribute tickets for a coroner as for the highest salaried judge. His remark is a mere "dodge." The sum demanded by Tammany of the candidate is not measured by the cost of "men to work," but by the amount of the salary. The whole business is one of the most monstrous forms of the corruption which maintains "the most powerful Democratic organization in the country."

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

President Dreher, of Roanoke College, in an interesting interview published in the *Tribune*, states the actual educational condition in the Southern States, and his remarks suggest why it is that the higher educational enterprises there must turn to this part of the country for aid as well as sympathy. Public schools are comparatively new institutions in the Southern States, but there is a constantly stronger sentiment in favor of liberal appropriations. But—and we cannot do better than quote President Dreher's statement—

> "notwithstanding the material progress of the South, the Southern States are still comparatively poor. You will understand this better by a few comparisons from the last census reports. For instance, the six New England and the six Middle States (including Maryland and the District of Columbia), with an area only two-ninths that of the thirteen Southern States (not including Missouri), have an assessed valuation of real estate and personal property more than three times as large as that of the South, and those two groups of States have only some 900,000 more people than the Southern States. You see at once that the same rate of taxation that will provide good schools for ten months in the year at the North, will support schools in the South for only one-third of that time. Or suppose we compare a few Northern with a few Southern States. Massachusetts, with one-sixth of the area and one-fourth more population, has an assessed valuation more than four times as large as that of Kentucky; New York, with less than four times the population, has more than ten times the assessed valuation of Virginia. Pennsylvania is only four-fifths as large as Georgia, and yet has nearly seven times the taxable basis of that great Southern State. You see now how comparatively easy a matter it is to have good schools ten months in the year in the North, and how difficult it is to provide efficient schools in the South."

The short terms and the small salaries make the employment of suitable teachers very difficult even in the towns. And in the sparsely settled country, where both white and colored schools must be maintained, a high standard is almost impossible.

President Dreher points out also that while higher education in the Northern States is mainly provided by private endowment, in the Southern States the universities and colleges are supported chiefly at public expense, so that the State is now burdened with the maintenance both of the primary schools for both colors and the universities. Yet, according to the assessed valuation, the Southern States are doing proportionately as well for the public schools as the Northern States, and are making substantial progress in education.

President Dreher thinks that in the Southern States, as in the Northern, there are too many institutions claiming to be universities and colleges. But his own Roanoke College, at Salem, in Virginia, does not aspire to be a university, but an institution for thorough college training, situated in a charming and healthful country, and protected carefully from the tendency to extreme expensiveness, which is a serious evil in some of the Northern institutions. There is a liberal disposition in the Southern States, and much generous giving to aid education. But the ability is much less than in the North.

> "The South owes a large debt of gratitude to the Vanderbilt family, to Paule Tulane, and others who have given largely to higher education there; and also to Peabody and Slater and a host of others who have given to the lower schools. The largest bequest yet made to Roanoke, $25,000, came a few years ago from the late Henry J. Steere, of Rhode Island. Of the vast amount of money given in recent years to colleges and universities, a very small proportion has been received by institutions in the South, where the need is greater, and where investments in higher education yield comparatively larger returns."

"PHARAOHS, FELLAHS, AND EXPLORERS."

The charm of Egyptian travel is perennial, and it is greatly enhanced by the interest of the constant revelations of modern Egyptology. However remote from our sympathy the life of old Egypt may seem to be, yet that it has a singular fascination was shown by the reception of the lectures of Miss Amelia B. Edwards a year or two since. Miss Edwards is not only an Egyptian scholar, but an enthusiast, and both her knowledge and her enthusiasm make her beautifully and copiously illustrated work, *Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers*, recently issued by the Harpers, a singularly attractive book, at once, as one of the chief Egyptologists of the time says, "interesting, lucid, and instructive."

There are points of peculiar value in Miss Edwards's treatment of her theme which are novel as well as interesting. Her account of portrait-painting in Egypt and its origin is called by the *Academy* "new and fascinating, and [it] has been worked out with skill and success." No one who has seen the mural portraits in Egypt, including those of the sumptuous Cleopatra, and gazed at them with wonder and incredulity, but will find himself deeply engaged by a really learned handling of the subject. The merest tyro in the history of art, as he makes the delightful Egyptian pilgrimage, will be often startled as he sees—as, for instance, at the tombs of Beni-Hassan—not so much the source and hint of finished Grecian art, as the complete art itself. This is especially observable in certain columns, but Miss Edwards, in a chapter on "Egypt as the Birthplace of Greek Decorative Art," makes a large claim in this direction also, and, as the *Academy* thinks, with a force which compels the student to conclude that Greece borrowed without change from early Egypt.

Mr. Sayce, the author of the article, a well-known authority upon the subject, acknowledges the scholarship of Miss Edwards, and the discriminating accuracy of her view of the literature and religion of ancient Egypt. In a parting word he speaks of the "illustrations, which will be found to have the same charm for the eye that the letter-press has for the mind. It should be studied by every one who desires to combine pleasure with profit." It is a judgment which we can cordially confirm.

THE CITY AND COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

After careful consideration, and with the warm and virtually unanimous approval and support of its alumni, the authorities of Columbia College have secured an option upon the Bloomingdale Asylum site, as by far the most suitable permanent situation for the institution which has so long represented in this city the interests of the higher education. The reasons for the occupation of this noble site for the college at this moment of its renewed and larger life as a university have been amply set forth, and are familiar to every intelligent citizen who understands the relation of pride and interest which the city naturally and traditionally holds to Columbia.

The success of the scheme, however, is threatened by a bill introduced in the Legislature providing for opening a street through the property, which extends from One-hundred-and-sixteenth Street to One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth Street, and from Amsterdam Avenue to the Boulevard. Such a division of the property, and others which under the same plea would follow, would largely destroy the value of the site for the permanent location of the college, and would not improbably lead to the surrender of the option now held by it.

In view of the fact that Columbia College is already of very large and constantly increasing influence, and is rapidly becoming a university, which will be not only a great force in higher education of every kind, but, as attracting students in all branches of learning, a legitimate source of honor to a city already commercially and materially preeminent, a memorial to the Mayor and Board of Street Opening and Improvement is receiving signatures requesting a recommendation to the Legislature of the passage of a bill providing for the exemption of the property from street openings whenever and so long as it shall be occupied by the college for educational purposes. The subject is one of general public interest, and a prompt memorial representing the enlightened sentiment and wish of the city could not but be of very great influence.

THE PROPOSED RUIN OF BRYANT PARK.

The proposal to deprive the city of one of its most frequented and desirable breathing-grounds, Bryant Park, by erecting upon it a huge municipal building, is one which every intelligent New-Yorker will strenuously resist. It is one of the unceasing efforts, made under various pretences of public convenience, to despoil popular pleasure-grounds which are among the chief and most indispensable conveniences. There is already a project to devote part of Central Park to a driveway, and in Philadelphia another to obstruct Independence Square by a huge monument to Washington.

The open space secured by Bryant Park and the adjacent reservoir is not only peculiarly desirable for the public health, but the park is a delightful and accessible resort for a multitude of citizens who otherwise would be deprived of one opportunity of recreation. Every familiar argument for the maintenance and extension of the present park system in the city—an argument which becomes constantly stronger with the constant increase of the population—is an argument against closing any park. The present proposition is more outrageous than the usual scheme of the kind, because no more inconvenient site for a municipal building could be suggested.

The bill, however, is regarded with favor by the committee of the present Assembly, a fact which tends to discredit it as a job in disguise. It would be a grave misfortune for the city should it become law. The precedent would be fatal. If Bryant Park should be destroyed for such a purpose, no park in the city would be safe, and the ruin of any one of them which the promoters of jobs might desire would be greatly facilitated. If the good sense of the city is at all fairly represented in the Assembly, such a bill will not become law without an energetic protest.

PERSONAL.

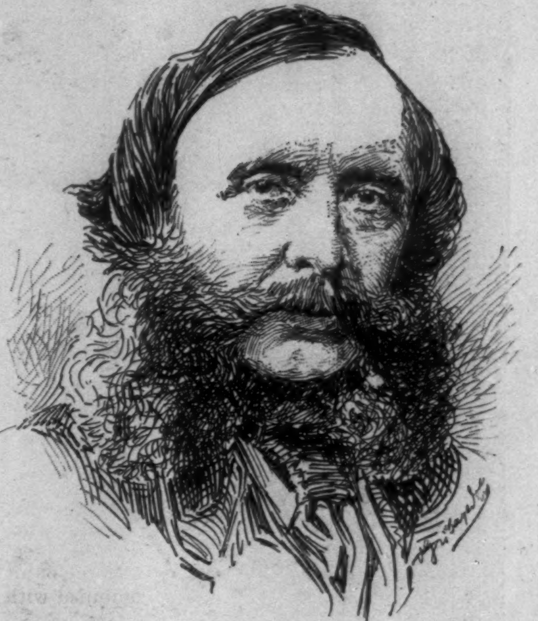
Mr. Stanford White, the architect of the Madison Square Garden, and Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor who modelled the statue of Diana which serves as the weather-vane on top of the stately tower, have concluded to take the statue down, and replace it with one considerably smaller in size. The present statue is eighteen feet high, and while Mr. St. Gaudens does not think that it is too large, considering its elevation, he does think that a smaller one would be more in harmony with the tower. The new statue is to be only thirteen feet high, and then to a person of normal vision and standing in the street the figure will seem to be that of a woman of ordinary height. The present statue, to those who have good eyesight, appears under the same conditions fully ten feet tall. What will be done with the present Diana has not been determined upon, but it is possible that it may be taken to Chicago.

—The exhibition of sketches given by the students of the Academy of Design in the corridor and North Gallery of the Academy recently contained much meritorious work. The portraits were especially good, and there were some excellent bits of black and white, with a few clever studies in water-colors. Nearly all the work shown was promising.

—The Rev. Dr. Henry C. Swentzel, the new rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, is a man of about forty years, a High-Churchman of liberal tendencies, and a vigorous preacher. For the past seven years he has had charge of St. Luke's parish in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and a year ago he declined an appointment as Missionary Bishop to Japan.

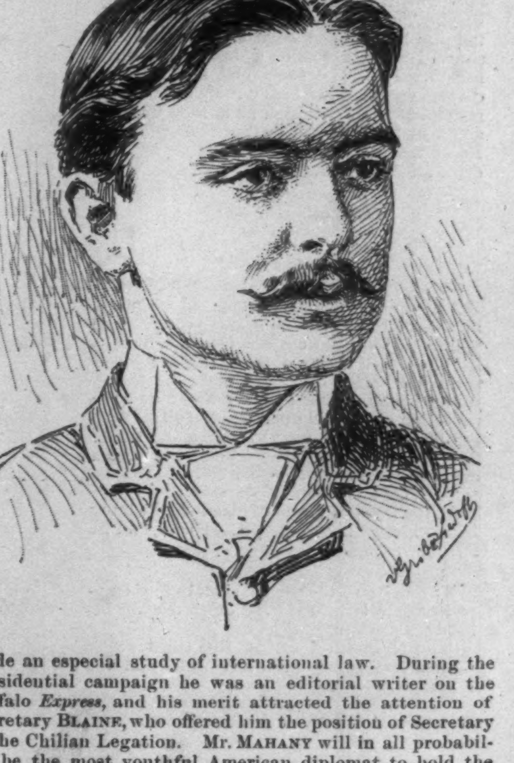
—Much of the success in public life of the French statesman Ribot, whose career in politics in the last few years has in some respects been phenomenal in its brilliance, is due to the ambition and encouragement of his wife, who was Miss Burch, the daughter of a Chicago banker.

—The late Edwards Pierrepont, who died in New York March 6th, had had a threefold career of honor as lawyer, judge, and diplomat. He was a native of Connecticut, a graduate with high honors from Yale in the class of 1837, and a graduate of the New Haven Law School. He first practised law in Ohio, where he was elected a Judge of the Superior Court at Columbus in 1857, and at the outbreak of the rebellion he was prominent as a war Democrat. He continued his law practice throughout the war, appearing as counsel in many cases of importance, and in 1867 he conducted the prosecution of John H. Surratt, indicted for complicity in the murder of President Lincoln. Judge Pierrepont was an active supporter of Grant in the campaigns of 1868 and 1872, and in 1875, after having declined the post of Minister to Russia, he was appointed Attorney-General of the United States, a position he held until May, 1876, when he was made Minister to England. After his return from England, in 1878, he resumed the practice of the law. He was one of the founders and governors of the Manhattan Club, an LL.D. of Columbia and Yale, and an Oxford D.C.L. He was seventy-nine years old.



—The artist G. P. A. Healy, who for some years has been self-exiled from America, is now visiting in Chicago, his former home. He is a fine-looking old gentleman of nearly eighty, and though it is almost sixty years since he first went to Paris, in the enthusiasm of youth, to study in French studios, he is still busy with his brush and interested in his work. Nowadays he is known chiefly as a portrait-painter, but he made his reputation in the last generation by his great painting for the Senate-Chamber at Washington, illustrating Webster's reply to Hayne. That was his masterpiece, and there was a time when it was as familiar to the nation, because of the multitudinous engravings made of it, as Millet's "Angelus" is to-day.

—Roland B. Mahany, of Buffalo, whom President Harrison has appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Ecuador, is a very clever young lawyer, not yet twenty-eight years old. He is a recent graduate of Harvard, where he acquired a reputation for brilliant scholarship and industry, and since leaving college he has made an especial study of international law. During the Presidential campaign he was an editorial writer on the Buffalo *Express*, and his merit attracted the attention of Secretary Blaine, who offered him the position of Secretary of the Chilian Legation. Mr. Mahany will in all probability be the most youthful American diplomat to hold the post of Minister.



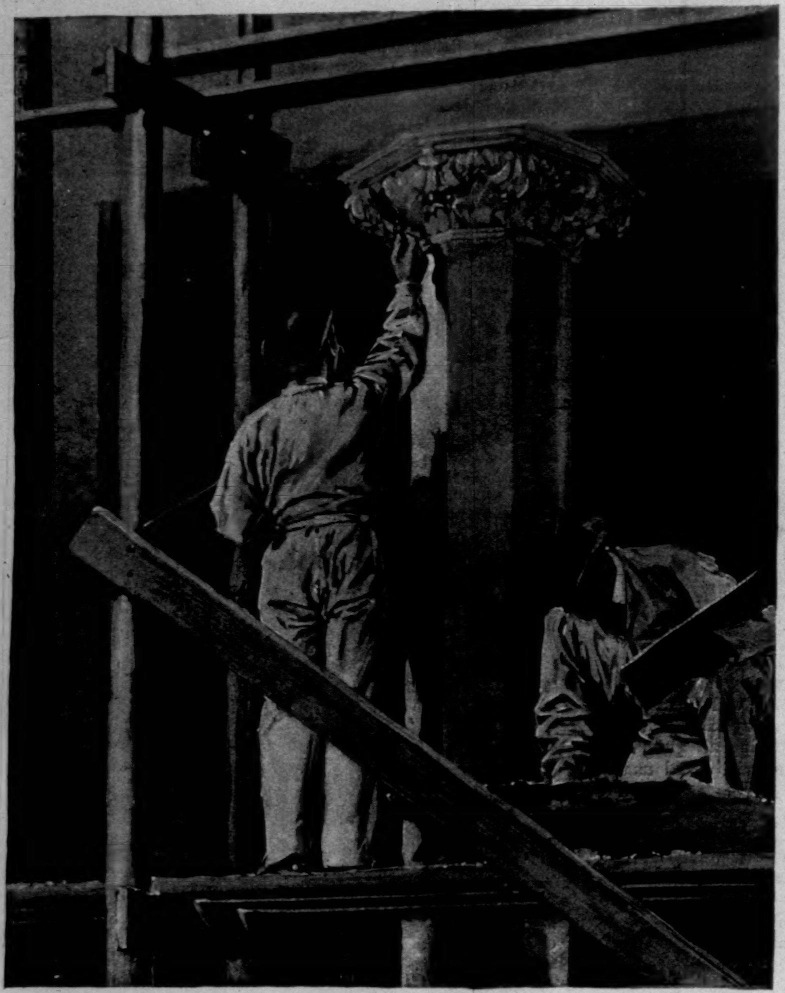
THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY M. A. LANE.

REGULAR visitors at Jackson Park have been patiently waiting to see the arches rise from the substructure of the Machinery Hall. There has been some delay in this department, owing to a previous delay in preparing the iron and steel work. But the great arches have at last begun to rise against the sky, and the roof structure will soon be finished. The arches are lifted in half-sections. That great clanking of hammers and ringing of metal as of a boiler-yard means that the mechanics are welding and riveting the arch sections together. When one is completed, there is a great ado below; there is a running of men in blue overalls, a yelling of bosses, a hurry and scurry of boys in blouses and caps, an undignified but forcible and emphatic shouting of orders, a concerted pulling of ropes, a fall of timber, and then silence. The section is in position, and ready to be lifted. Then come a creaking of ropes, a clangor of chains, a puffing of steam, and the great complex curvilinear beam swings from its bearings and mounts creakingly into the air.

The arches are in the way of T-iron, and are fastened at the summit with rivet and bolt work. They are small affairs in a drawing or a photograph, but of great gravity in fact, and their construction and lifting are not unaccompanied with danger. Last week the engineers had raised more than a pair of them. To place but one of them in position is a matter of four or five days' constant work. The superintendent of this building fears a delay of three months in the completion of the iron-work.

Considerable headway has been made with the Transportation Building. It has now been in the hands of the staff men for some time, and its outer walls are almost finished in the marble. On the eastern front the slabs of staff are now being adjusted, and when this part of the work will have been done, the sculptural decorations on the pavilions will alone remain to make the composition ready for the painters.



PLASTERERS AT WORK ON THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

THE NOON TRAIN.

THEY stood on the station platform. The twin rails sang in a high key with gaining strength, and far down the track a cloud drifted. The cactus was thrusting up new spines through the gray soil, and on the lofty slopes of the Grand Mesa the melting snow hastened the impulse of the irrigating ditches towards the Pacific. Frost still kept the adobe moist and sticky, and he bent over her boot to scrape the hardened clay from the high heel. The boots were gaudily stitched, and the gown she lifted was of some barbarously bright stuff and rudely fashioned.

She rested one brown hand upon his shoulder to steady herself, and smiled down at him. Her teeth were strong and white by contrast with her dusky skin. The yellow feather in her hat lay flatly along one side of her straight black hair.

A woman watched the pair from behind the florid window-shades of the Uncompaghre House across the track. Through the open upper half of the window came the faint smell of growing things and the pungent odor of wet sage. She had been waiting there since sunrise, and her sallow face was drawn with weariness and deeply lined. The fringe of yellow hair upon her temples had slipped aside, and the hair that showed beneath was of a dusty drab turning to gray. The snow and mud of two divides splashed the heavy folds of her long riding-skirt. It was high noon now, and the sun beat hotly on the unshuttered window. From the other side of the board partition came an iterant strain:

"In the spring, in the spring,
A young man's fancy
Lightly turns, lightly turns
To thoughts of love."

An engine whistle, tenuous and remote as an echo, struck into the singer's ditty. The woman behind the curtain heard it, and, as if it had been a signal, thrust up the lower sash, and leaned out upon the sill. Something bright gleamed in her hand, and the reflection of the sun upon it shot full athwart the black eyes of the girl across the track. She turned to her companion, who, with a cry, had risen and stood before her.

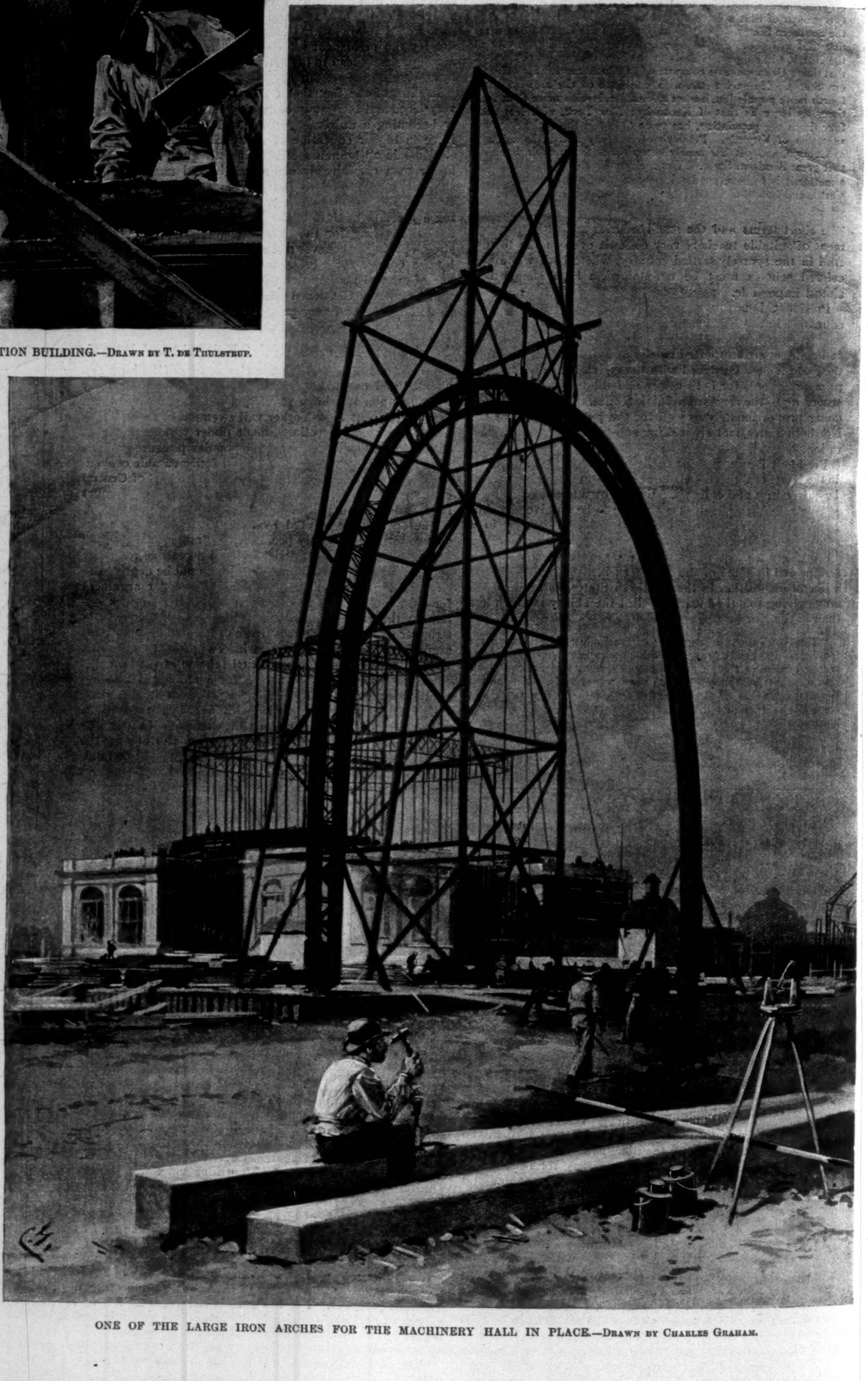
"My God, it's Janie!" he said.

At the words a pinch of black smoke hung for an instant above the pistol-barrel, and he fell forward.

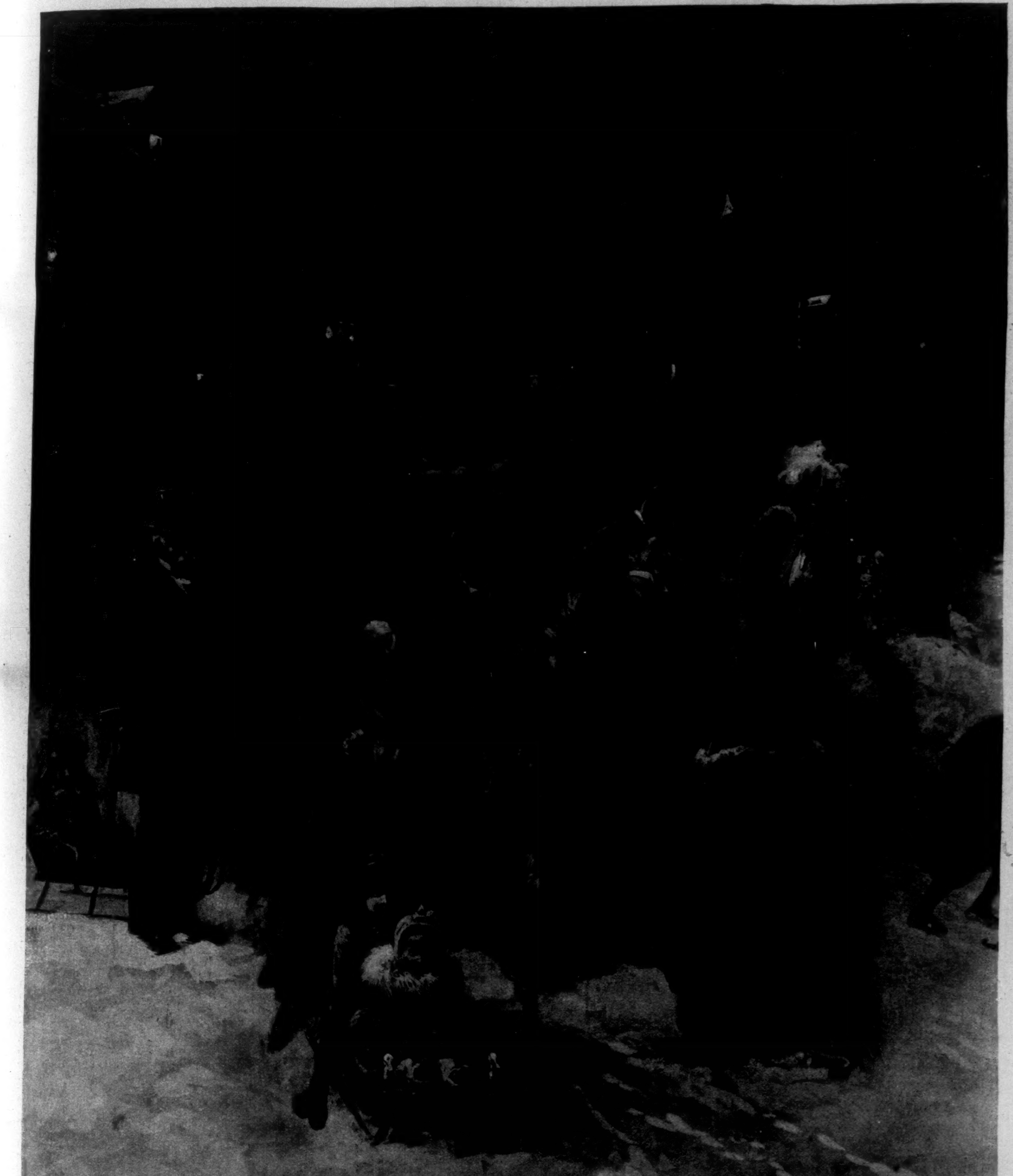
No one heard the second shot, but an empty revolver lay beside the dead woman behind the curtain.

The ring she wore on the third finger of her left hand was quite new, and the lettering ran:

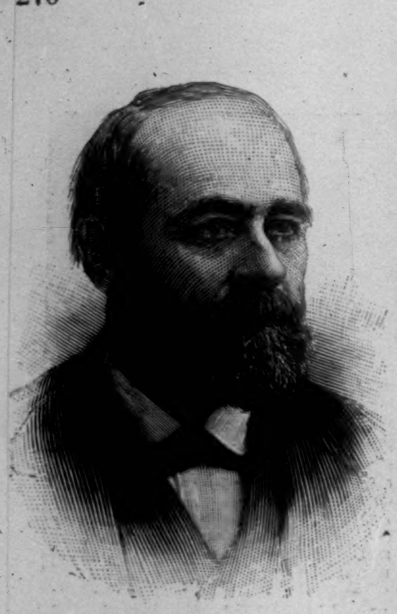
"From Jim to Janie."



ONE OF THE LARGE IRON ARCHES FOR THE MACHINERY HALL IN PLACE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.



A WINTER NIGHT IN GREENWICH VILLAGE—GROVE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 270.]



THE HON. R. P. BLAND, OF MISSOURI.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

SILVER IN CONGRESS.

THE most interesting figure in the House of Representatives is Richard P. Bland. This is not because he is the strongest, the ablest, the most accomplished debater, or the most magnetic leader. No one would suppose, to look at him as he sits quietly in his chair, that he has any more definite object in life than to get through each day's work with as much comfort as possible. He is evidently attentive, but most of the time he is quiescent if not acquiescent. But Mr. Bland has been in Congress for years. He has learned how to conduct his case when he has one; and that he has one, and one that, in his own mind, surpasses in importance all other public questions, is the secret of his power. In a word, he is an intense enthusiast, a very honest man, and a very able advocate. Others may be silver men for the profit of mine-owners; he is a silver man in what he regards as the interests of the people.

Mr. Bland wears ill-fitting clothes, usually of the dark blue cloth affected by seafaring men. He recognizes the tailor's extravagance in buttons by refusing to use them all. As he sits in his chair in the centre of the Democratic side of the House, poising on the small of his back, with his head thrown backward, a cursory glance would lead one to believe that here was simply a man bored with the place into which he had been thrust, and out of which he would escape if he could find any occupation in which there was less to do than in that of a Congressman.

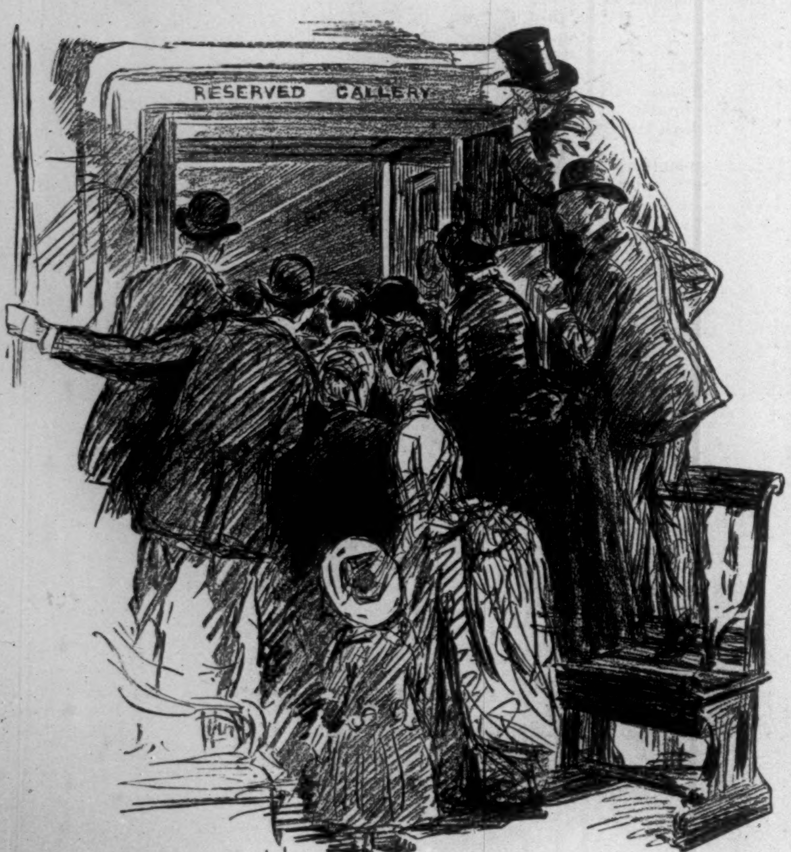
When he starts to speak, however, Mr. Bland is likely to attract attention. He may not be interesting, but he will very soon convince an attentive and intelligent listener that he is far from dull, that he thoroughly understands parliamentary business, that he is an adept in all the tricks of the rules, that he is solemnly in earnest, that he has stored his head full of information and misinformation on the subject of the precious metals, that he handles his knowledge in such a manner as to convince untutored minds that he knows more about monetary matters than all the bankers of the East and of Europe put together, and that he is the one man of all the plain people who is able to cope successfully with fiscal birds of prey. The hearing of one speech by this man will show to any one who marvels at his power why it is that he is the apostle of a great movement that is for the moment threatening the Democratic party with disruption, and promising to turn its recent victories into bitter defeat.

For years this missionary of the silver cause has had one idea prominently fixed in his mind. He is a Democrat in the sense of being truly and sincerely a man of the people. He is hostile to corporate powers, to monopolies, to the protective tariff. Perhaps he comes as near to being an absolute free-trader as any public man can afford to be. But his great panacea for all the evils that oppress the poor is the free coinage of silver. From his first entrance into Congress until to-day, he has persistently urged the adoption of this remedy. It is said that the law which bore his name, and which, in the language of the silver cult, was the first to do justice to the "white metal," was, in fact, not his. It was not his in the form in which it finally entered the statute-book. It was a free coinage bill as Mr. Bland drew it, but when it came out of the Senate it was a bill compelling the Secretary of the Treasury to coin a certain amount of silver every month. The law was, indeed, not such as Mr. Bland wanted, but the victory was his, and the principle which was embodied in it was the principle which has governed him, until now he has come to believe that the free and abundant coinage of silver dollars, more than any other plan that the ingenuity of man might devise, would put an end to human woes and to the ills of poverty. Naturally such an enthusiast does not consent to postpone the consideration of his pet scheme for the tariff or any other issue.

He is just now especially interesting because he seems to hold in his power the destinies of his party. Crowds gathered in the Capitol on the day when the debate took place on the resolution fixing a time for the consideration of the free coinage measure. The galleries were full, and the people who could not find room within stood at the doors of the galleries, and strained their ears to catch the words of eager debate, or the names of the members as they answered to the roll-call.

And when it was all over, the excitement abated, but it will doubtless revive again. In the mean time Congress will resume its usual functions, the poor seeker after place will linger about the main door begging for a chance to see his member, and the door-keeper will permit his card to go in if the member has not instructed him to the contrary. Even when Bland gets on his feet again, the scene at the main door will not change. The lobby of the silver-miners, and the eager enthusiasts whom Bland and his missionary work have around, will again crowd the galleries and their approaches, and, for a day, silver will once more be king.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.



ENDEAVORING TO GET A GLANCE AT THE SPEAKER.

A STREET IN GREENWICH VILLAGE.

GROVE STREET sidles away westward from Christopher Street at the point where the latter is joined by Washington Place; makes a sharp bend toward the northwest beyond Bedford Street, and ends on Hudson Street directly opposite to Saint Luke's Church. It is the bend between Bedford and Hudson that is the subject of the drawing (on page 269) by Mr. Rogers—who, in making it, ministered quite unconsciously to my happiness by selecting what I long have held to be one of the most picturesque bits of street scenery in Greenwich Village, and, therefore, in all New York. Had he made his drawing about mid-afternoon of an early summer day—instead of at night in midwinter—he would have reproduced my favorite effect: the street in deep shadow, the tops of the trees which arch across it in sunlight, a glare of sunlight on Hudson Street, and beyond this, for background, the low dark mass of the church capped by its low square tower, with wide surrounding church-yard in which are tall old trees. But then he would have lost not only his romantic night effect but also (for Grove Street is a desert place of a summer afternoon) the very characteristic humanity that makes his picture so true to Greenwich Village life—a life separate from that of the city by which the Village has been surrounded but into which it has not been merged.

This quarter of the city is distinctively the American quarter. A few French are scattered through it—and are welcome, because their neighbors, being true Americans, recognize the fact that America rests under a handsome obligation to France; there are Irish, but only the few required for political purposes; and down in the southeast corner there is a sprinkling of the descendants of Ham. With such small exceptions, the population is made up of native Americans—and it does one's heart good, in these days of lukewarm patriotism, to see the way the streets of Greenwich are all ablaze with the national colors on the 22d of February and the Fourth of July.

Broadly speaking, the whole region lying west of McDougall Street between Fourteenth Street and what used to be Lispenard's Salt Meadows—that is to say, a little north of Canal Street—is interesting nowadays because it is highly typical of the New York of sixty years ago. It is a region of small houses, inhabited by the very best citizens that a city can have: householders who are neither so rich that they are above, nor so poor that they are below, maintaining their civic rights—the class that is the bone and sinew of good government; the stronghold of every movement toward municipal reform. Each house of these hundreds of little houses is the abiding-place of a single American family—that stands squarely on its right to a separate existence in its own home. As compared with the corresponding region on the east side—where a score of families are packed into a single building and where even the bad smells have foreign names—this American quarter of New York is a liberal lesson in cleanliness, good citizenship, and self-respect.

Greenwich Village is the court end of the quarter. Excepting two or three of the new apartment-houses (which multitudinous structures, unfortunately, are beginning to show themselves) there is not a pretentious dwelling in the whole of it; but very many of the dwellings—roomy, substantial, grave—have the exceedingly comfortable air that goes with the possession of modest wealth. The dignified gentleman in Mr. Rogers's picture is thoroughly typical of the householders of this upper class. Meeting just such another in Bank Street, ten years ago, he so impressed me that I instantly endowed him with a dignified name, gave him a house in the street where I encountered him, put him at the head of a leather firm down in the Swamp—and then killed him with a peremptory suddenness in order to give my hero a doubtful chance to inherit his estate.

In the Village this trait of village life survives: the people know each other. There is not much moving in and out. The neighbors of to-day are the children of neighbors of forty years ago. In this stability of association is a substantial base on which to rest friendship. The children whom Mr. Rogers has drawn frolicking together in Grove Street of a winter night, are not chance-met acquaintances; they know each other because their parents before them knew each other—and in that quiet, little-travelled street they are as safe from young hoodlum intrusion as though they were at play in a private yard.

Much of the solid respectability that belongs to Greenwich comes to it by right of what may be called—gauged by the standards of this part of America—its very great age. Its settlement and that of New Amsterdam were very nearly contemporaneous. Farm No. 3—one of the four farms reserved from settlement by the Dutch West India Company—was set off in the region, lying between the Minetta Water and the North River, that was known by the Indian name of Sapokanigan; and when Governor Wouter Van Twiller took this farm for his tobacco plantation, in 1633, the settlement of Greenwich was begun. In Governor Stuyvesant's time "a few houses formed a small village there." Therefore, excepting only the region close about the Battery, Greenwich is the most ancient portion of New York.

But the name of this settlement was Sapokanigan; and so it remained until about the year 1739, when Admiral Sir Peter Warren bought an estate here and built upon it a country-seat, to which he gave the name of Greenwich—because of the significance of that name, to a sailor, of restfulness and peace. The Warren house, later known as the Van Ness house, stood on land now bounded by Fourth, Bleecker, Charles, and Perry streets. It was torn down, and the large block built upon, in August, 1865. Sir Peter's heir was the Earl of Abingdon—whence came the name of Abingdon Square. Stone, obviously, is in error in stating that the Admiral's country-seat was established long before the first cottage had been built in the village of Greenwich. As already has been shown, a little cluster of houses had existed in that vicinity almost from the foundation of the colony; and at the very period of Sir Peter's purchase Lieutenant-Governor Clarke wrote (April 18, 1739) to the Duke of Newcastle: "I beg leave to inform Your Grace that the Small Pox being in town, and one third part of the Assembly not having had it, I gave them leave to sit at Greenwich, a small village about two or three miles out of town."

During the epidemics of yellow fever in 1798, 1799, 1803, and 1805, very many New-Yorkers came to Greenwich for refuge: for this region—a deep bed of sand, with admirable surface drainage—always has been the most healthful place of residence on the entire island. The great rush hither for safety was in the pestilent summer of 1822, when the fever broke out in August and was not at an end until November. During those deadly months a large part of the population, and practically all of the business, of New York was transferred to Greenwich. Whole streets were opened and built up in forty-eight hours. In the name of Bank Street is a permanent record of this period. Here, in hastily erected wooden buildings, the banks migrant from the city were housed.

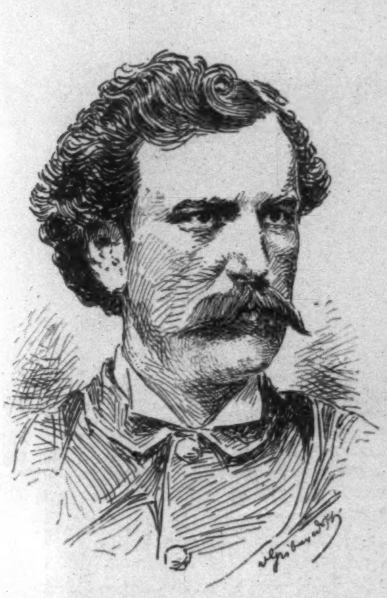
Grove Street—to come back to my starting-point—has a bit of history that is quite its own: on what now is its northern line stood the house in which died, on the 8th of June, 1809, the author of "Common Sense"—Tom Paine. For some time previous to his last illness, Paine, together with Madame Bonneville and her two sons, lodged and boarded in a house on Herring Street (now Bleecker) midway between Jones and Christopher.

Close by, at the corner of Christopher Street, were the quarters of the commission (appointed under the statute of April 3, 1807) to extend and to regulate the city plan; and Randel, secretary and engineer to the commission, has left this quaint record concerning their infidel neighbor: "I boarded in the city, and in going to the office I almost daily passed the house on Herring Street [now 293 Bleecker] where Thomas Paine resided, and frequently in fair weather saw him sitting at the south window of the first-story room of that house. The sash was raised, and a small table or stand was placed before him with an open book placed upon it which he appeared to be reading. He had his spectacles on, his left elbow rested upon the table or stand, and his chin rested between the thumb and fingers of his hand; his right hand lay upon his book, and a decanter containing liquor of the color of rum or brandy was standing next his book or beyond it. I never saw Thomas Paine at any other place or in any other position."

In the last month of Paine's life, in order to make him more comfortable than was possible in a lodging-house, Madame Bonneville hired a small frame dwelling—standing deep in the block, and but a stone's-throw from that in which they then were living—and removed him thither. The main building of this house stood on land that now is a part of Grove Street. The street was opened shortly after Paine's death (having first the name of Cozine; later, Columbia; still later, Burrows; and, finally, Grove) and then was deflected out of line so as to leave the house standing. In the year 1836 the street was widened and straightened, and then the whole of the main building was destroyed. The back building, in which Paine died, remained until a much later period; and then was replaced by the present brick dwelling, No. 59. The present Barrow Street—running parallel with Grove, and opened between Herring (Bleecker) and Asylum (West Fourth) about the same time—was known for a time as Raisin Street; and this name was a corruption of Reason Street—given to it by the commissioners in compliment to the author of "Common Sense," who was their near neighbor in Greenwich Village for more than a year.

It was during Paine's last days in the little house in Greenwich that two worthy divines, the Rev. Mr. Milledollar and the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, sought to bring him to a realizing sense of the error of his ways. Their visitation was not a success. "Don't let 'em come here again," he said, curtly, to his housekeeper, Mrs. Hedden, when they had departed; and added: "They trouble me." In pursuance of this order, when they returned to the attack, Mrs. Hedden denied them admission—saying with a good deal of piety, and with even more common-sense: "If God does not change his mind, I'm sure no human can!" And so this sturdy sceptic was left to die peacefully in his unfaith.

THOMAS A. JANVIER.



FIRST LIEUTENANT WHISTLER,
FIFTH UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.

THE BROWN WIRE GUN.

BY LIEUTENANT F. DE T. CLOTH, LATE OF THE FRENCH NAVY.

THE idea of making wire-wound guns first occurred to an American by the name of Dr. Woodbridge as far back as 1850. Ever since that time a number of ordnance and artillery officers have believed that the wire gun will be the great artillery weapon of the future. Hence it is not surprising that numerous attempts have been made both in this country and in Europe to invent a system of wire-gun construction which would give better results than the system of the built-up steel rifle. These attempts, however, have been unsuccessful, and not one of the wire-wound guns made up to this day has offered such advantages as to justify so great a change in gun construction.

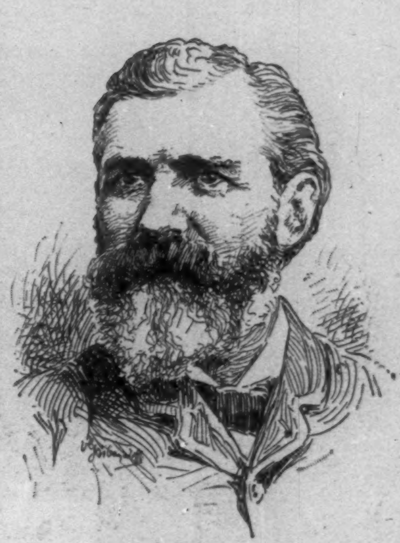
The ideal cannon of the future, no matter whether it is a wire-wound or any other kind of gun, must be both a military and economical success. This at once shows the requirements which the cannon of the future must meet, namely: It should be able to withstand a higher powder pressure, and thus give a greater initial velocity and consequently a greater penetrating power to the missile; it should be lighter in weight, cost less money, save time in construction, while the material used should retain its commercial value after the gun is no longer serviceable. High as these requirements may seem, all of them are essential in order to justify a change in the present methods of ordnance construction.

The Brown segmental gun, the invention of John Hamilton Brown, seems to fulfil these conditions. Lieutenant G. N. Whistler's "Theoretical Discussion" of this system of gun construction has been assailed by many, including the writer of this article, but has not yet been disproved. In this meritorious paper, Whistler theoretically proved that the Brown segmental wire gun is possible, and also that it meets all the above-mentioned requirements of the gun of the future. All that remained to be seen was whether the inventor and the constructor of the gun would be able to carry out practically their theoretical propositions. This has now been done, though most ordnance experts ridiculed the idea of a segmental wire-wound gun. Among the many reasons of the opposition it was claimed that, since the segmental core of a gun in itself can have no circumferential strength, it was therefore a mistake at the very start to choose segments instead of a solid core. The recent successful test at Birdsborough of the powder-chamber of the new 5-inch segmental gun which is now being constructed at that place for the United States government, under the supervision of Lieutenant Whistler, settles definitely and conclusively the strength of the Brown system of wire-gun manufacture. This test was anxiously anticipated by many experts, as it was known that both the inventor and the constructor of the gun had been experimenting for more than two years in order to find the best methods of construction. Previous experiments had shown that in consequence of mechanical difficulties of construction it was necessary to reduce the number of segments of the gun from 72 to 12; but in selecting the proper number of segments the principle acted upon was to have as few segments as possible consistent with obtaining the requisite physical conditions of steel in the segments. The average conditions actually obtained in the segments are, according to Lieutenant Whistler's report: Tensile strength, 165,000 pounds per square inch; elastic limit, 105,000 per square inch; elongation in 2 inches, 14 per cent.

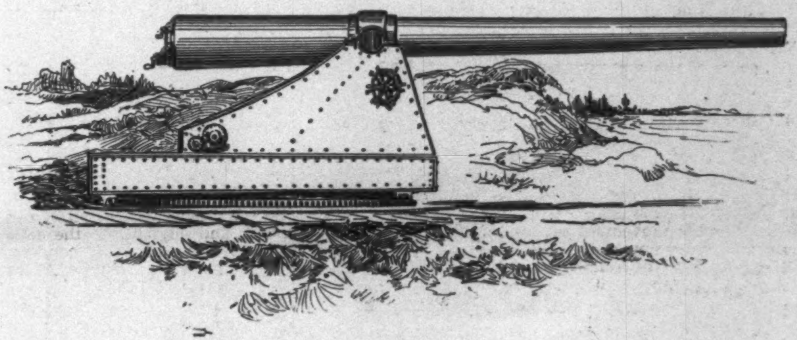
These figures are far beyond what is necessary, and consequently the reduction from 72 to 12 segments for the 5-inch gun is rather an improvement upon the old plan. The dimensions of the test cylinder were: length, 16 inches; diameter of bore, 5 inches; diameter of segmental tube, including lining, 11 inches; and diameter of wire jacket, 15.34 inches. Length of powder-chamber, 6.50 inches. The segments, made of the best quality of crucible steel, were compressed 0.019 of an inch by 32 layers of wire, wound round them with a tension of 140,000 pounds to the square inch. In order to assimilate as nearly as possible the condition of the gun, the test cylinder was placed in a steel casing representing the trunnion jacket of the 5-inch gun. It held a fixed breech plug at the bottom, exactly filling one end of the cylinder, and a similar plug was attached to the cap of the jacket, which, being screwed down, closed the other end of the cylinder. Two pressure gauges were inserted into the inside end of the lower plug, and a vent-hole $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch in diameter gave access through the centre of the upper plug to the powder charge, which was exploded by an electric primer. By this arrangement the segments were relieved from the entire longitudinal thrust, which was received by the plugs alone. The only longitudinal thrust upon the segments was that due to the radial compression of powder and wire, and also that due to the friction of the copper gas checks, and it therefore represented the maximum thrust in the gun for the same pressure. The lining tube was 0.50-inch thick at one end, and 0.45 at the other end. It was constructed with a diameter $\frac{4}{10}$ per cent. greater than the bore, and was forced in, thus producing a compression at the surface of the bore of the cylinder of 100,000 pounds per square inch. It is therefore manifest that in order to reduce the compression at the surface of the bore to zero, a powder pressure of 63,654 pounds per square inch would be required. The greatest powder pressure possible in the strongest steel built-up rifle varies from 42,000 to 44,000 pounds per square inch. With this pressure an initial velocity of the shell in the neighborhood of 2100 feet per second may be obtained. At the official test of the powder-chamber of the Brown segmental 5-inch gun the pressure gauges registered, with a powder charge of,

2 pounds	8 ounces,	34,570 pounds per square inch.					
2	"	12	"	43,100	"	"	"
3	"	0	"	48,000	"	"	"
3	"	4	"	54,550	"	"	"

With such an enormous powder pressure as the Brown 5-inch gun is able to withstand, an initial velocity of the missile of 2700 feet per second should certainly be obtainable. The cylinder has been fired more than 20 times, but not the slightest variation can be detected in the diameter of the bore, and there can be no longer any doubt that it will stand any reasonable number of discharges at a powder pressure of 57,000 pounds to the square inch.



JOHN HAMILTON BROWN.



THE 5-INCH BROWN SEGMENTAL WIRE-WOUND GUN.

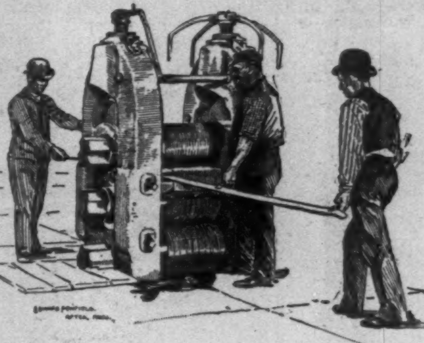
The 5-inch gun is nearly ready to be assembled and wound, and is likely to be finished before May next. The length of the cannon as it appears in the illustration, mounted on an Easton & Anderson proof carriage, is 19 feet. It weighs 3.5 tons, and will be fired with a powder charge of 35 pounds, the shell turning the scale at 60 pounds. Judging by the excellent results of the test of the powder-chamber, the new gun should be almost equal in power to the best built-up 6-inch steel rifle. Its weight will be one ton less, while the normal cost of construction should not exceed $5000, which is $1700 less than that of the 6-inch rifle. As it is the intention of the government to replace 4000 guns, several millions of dollars could be saved if the Brown segmental system of gun construction were adopted, provided, of course, that the coming official test of the new piece meets with all the requirements demanded by the ordnance department.

A short description of how the gun now in the process of construction is made may be of interest. It is constructed on a straight taper from breech to muzzle, and the core is wound under such tension (about 140,000 pounds per square inch) that the compression between the 12 longitudinal segments to be used will be the same from breech to muzzle. The segments, each three inches thick, were rolled into shape under a pressure of about 85,000 per square inch, and are thoroughly annealed to remove all unequal strains. They were straightened at the maximum annealing heat, and then subjected to a special process for producing the requisite elastic limit of at least 105,000 pounds per square inch.

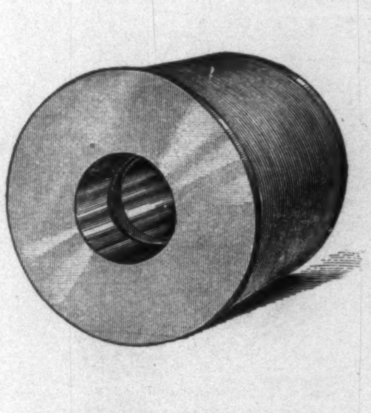
These segments are assembled by a series of clamps, and a breech and a muzzle nut are shrunk on. After this is done, the wire is wound round the segments up to the thickness of the two nuts. The chase jacket, consisting of a series of interlocking hoops, is shrunk over the wire. This jacket extends immediately in advance of the trunnion to the muzzle. The entire jacket is held by the final muzzle nut. The trunnion jacket, made of open-hearthed steel, is screwed on to the breech nut. It is attached to the gun at the breech only, and overlaps the chase jacket. The entire gun is left free to expand and contract longitudinally with in the trunnion jacket, nor will the elongation of the jacket during action be transmitted to the gun in any way. The lining tube is made of the same grade of steel as the segments, and will be inserted by hydraulic pressure from the breech after the gun is bored on two tapers. For the rifling a polygroove system is used, with increasing twist, beginning with one turn in 180 calibres and increasing to one turn in 25 calibres. The number of grooves is 24, and the depth of each 0.05.

The breech mechanism is a special device of the inventor. It is, however, essentially an interrupted screw to be screwed into the breech nut. As no threads will be cut in the bore of the segmental tube, the entire longitudinal thrust upon the breech block will be taken up by the trunnion jacket, and not at all by the segmental tube.

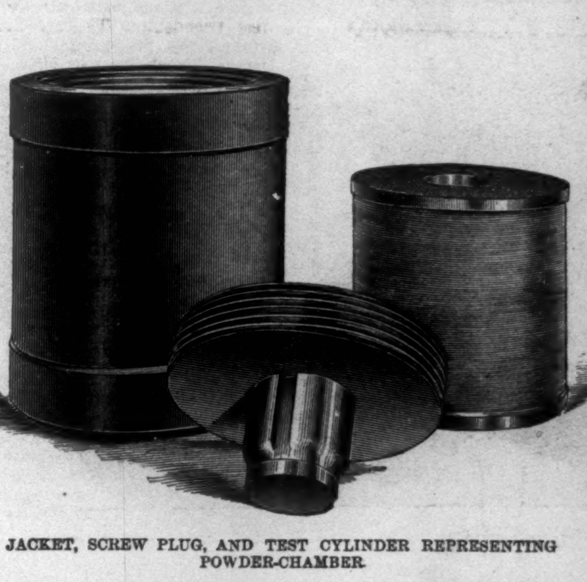
From the above description it can easily be seen that there is now every likelihood that modern gun construction is on the eve of undergoing an entire change. To this country it must be a matter of pride that inventions of such far-reaching importance are made by Americans; but equally important is the fact that in this case the industrial developments in the manufacture of steel keep equal step with the inventive genius of the people. The manufacture of high grades of steel, for which there was no demand in this country, was almost as difficult a task to accomplish as was the invention of a new system of ordnance construction. That both should have been accomplished in so short a time is a fact to be recorded in the history of this country.



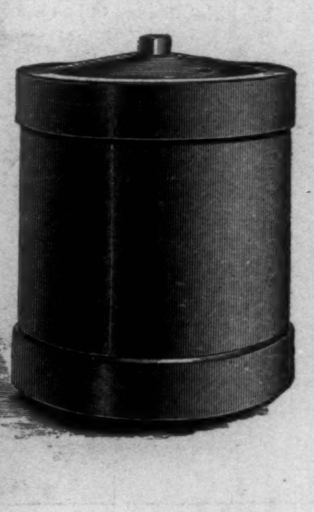
ROLLING THE SEGMENT.



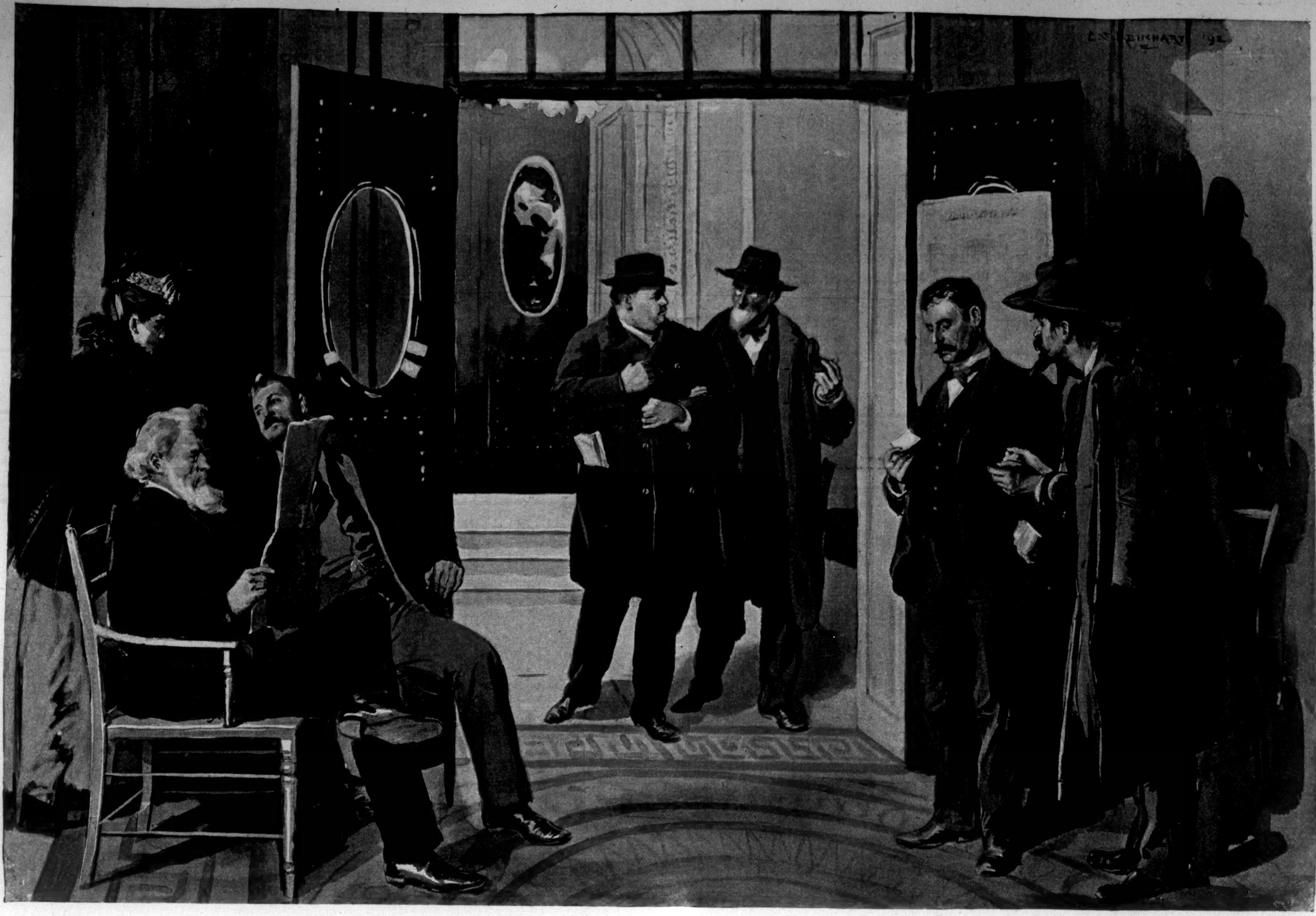
TEST CYLINDER.
(POWDER-CHAMBER.)



JACKET, SCREW PLUG, AND TEST CYLINDER REPRESENTING POWDER-CHAMBER.



TEST CYLINDER ENCLOSED IN BREECH JACKET AND READY FOR FIRING.


C. S. REINHART '92

AT THE MAIN DOOR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON—MESSRS. REED AND HOLMAN LEAVING.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 270.]

THE GHOST CLUB.

AN UNFORTUNATE EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF No. 5010.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.—ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

NUMBER 5010 was at the time when I received the details of this story from his lips a stalwart man of thirty-eight, swart of hue, of pleasing address, and altogether the last person one would take for a convict serving a term for sneak-thieving. The only outer symptoms of his actual condition were the striped suit he wore, the style and cut of which are still in vogue at Sing Sing prison, and the closely cropped hair, which showed off the distinctly intellectual lines of his head to great advantage. He was engaged in making shoes when I first saw him, and so impressed was I with the contrast between his really refined features and grace of manner and those of his brutish-looking companions, that I asked my guide who he was, and what were the circumstances which had brought him to Sing Sing.

"He pegs shoes like a gentleman," I said.

"Yes," returned the keeper. "He's werry troublesome that way. He thinks he's too good for his position. We can't never do nothing with the boots he makes."

"Why do you keep him at work in the shoe department?" I queried.

"We haven't got no work to be done in his special line, so we have to put him at whatever we can. He pegs shoes less badly than he does anything else."

"What was his special line?"

"He was a gentleman of leisure travellin' for his health afore he got into the toils o' the law. His real name is Marmaduke Fitztappington De Wolfe, of Pelhamhurst-by-the-Sea, Warwickshire. He landed in this country of a Tuesday, took to collectin' souvenir spoons of a Friday, was jugged the same day, tried, convicted, and there he sets. In for two years more."

"How interesting!" I said. "Was the evidence against him conclusive?"

"Extremely. A half-dozen spoons was found on his person."

"He pleaded guilty, I suppose?"

"Not him. He claimed to be as innocent as a new-born babe. Told a cock-and-bull story about havin' been deluded by spirits, but the judge and jury wasn't to be fooled. They gave him every chance, too. He even cabled himself, the judge did, to Pelhamhurst-by-the-Sea, Warwickshire, at his own expense, to see if the man was an impostor, but he never got no reply. There was them as said there wasn't no such place as Pelhamhurst-by-the-Sea in Warwickshire, but they never proved it."

"I should like very much to interview him," said I.

"It can't be done, sir," said my guide. "The rules is very strict."

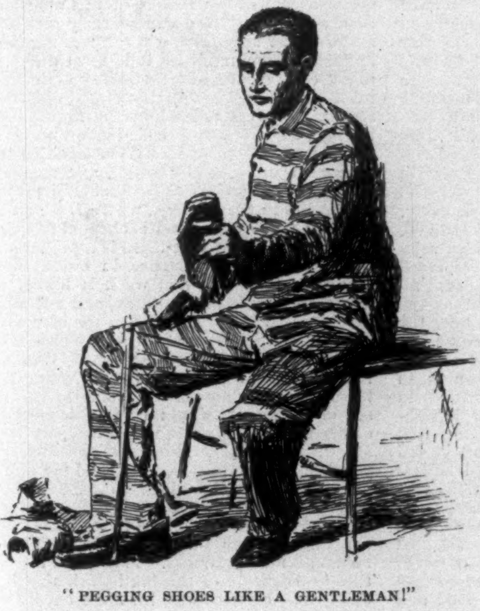
"You couldn't—er—arrange an interview for me," I asked, jingling a bunch of keys in my pocket.

He must have recognized the sound, for he colored and gruffly replied, "I has me orders, and I obeys 'em."

"Just—er—add this to the pension fund," I put in, handing him a $5 bill. "An interview is impossible, eh?"

"I didn't say impossible," he answered, with a grateful smile. "I said against the rules, but we has been known to make exceptions. I think I can fix you up."

Suffice it to say that he did "fix me up," and that two hours later 5010 and I sat down together in the cell of the former, a not too commodious stall, and had a pleasant chat, in the course of which he told me the story of his life, which, as I had surmised, was to me, at least, exceedingly interesting, and easily worth twice the amount of my contribution to the pension fund under the management of my guide of the morning.

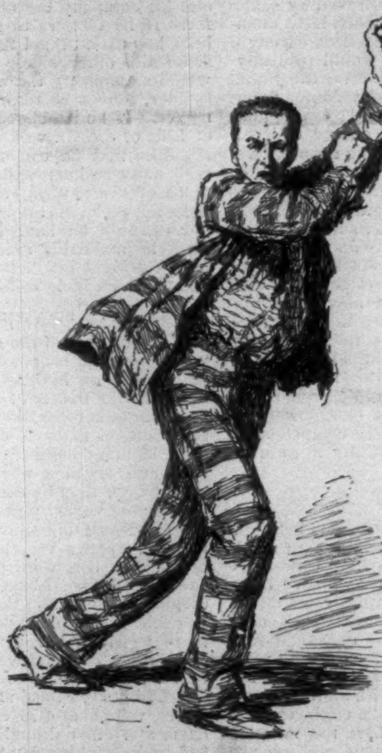


"PEGGING SHOES LIKE A GENTLEMAN!"

"My real name," said the unfortunate convict, "as you may already have guessed, is not 5010. That is an alias forced upon me by the State authorities. My name is really Austin Merton Surrennes."

"Ahem!" I said. "Then my guide erred this morning when he told me that in reality you were Marmaduke Fitztappington De Wolfe, of Pelhamhurst-by-the-Sea, Warwickshire?"

Number 5010 laughed long and loud. "Of course he erred. You don't suppose that I would give the authorities my real name, do you? Why, man, I am a nephew! I have an aged uncle—a rich millionaire uncle—whose heart and will it would break were he to hear of my present plight. Both the heart and will are in my favor, hence my tender solicitude for him. I am innocent, of course—convicts always are, you know—but that wouldn't make any difference. He'd die of mortification just the same. It's one of our family traits, that. So I gave a false name to the authorities, and secretly informed my uncle that I was about to set out for a walking trip across the great American desert, requesting him not to worry if he did not hear from me for a number of years, America being in a state of semi-civilization, to which mails outside of certain districts are entirely unknown. My uncle being an Englishman and a conservative gentleman, addicted more to reading than to travel, accepts the information as veracious, and suspects nothing, and when I am liberated, I shall return to him, and at his death shall become a conservative man of wealth myself. See?"



"5010 BECOMES EXCITED."

"But if you are innocent and he rich and influential, why did you not appeal to him to save you?" I asked.

"Because I was afraid that he, like the rest of the world, would decline to believe my defence," sighed 5010. "It was a good defence, if the judge had only known it, and I'm proud of it."

"But ineffectual," I put in. "And so, not good."

"Alas, yes! This is an incredulous age. People, particularly judges, are hard-headed practical men of affairs. My defence was suited more for an age of mystical tendencies. Why, will you believe it, sir, my own lawyer, the man to whom I paid $18 75 for championing my cause, told me the defence was rubbish, devoid even of literary merit. What chance could a man have if his lawyer even didn't believe in him?"

"None," I answered, sadly. "And you had no chance at all, though innocent?"

"Yes, I had one, and I chose not to take it. I might have proved myself *non compos mentis;* but that involved my making a fool of myself in public before a jury, and I have too much dignity for that, I can tell you. I told my lawyer that I should prefer a felon's cell to the richly furnished flat of a wealthy lunatic, to which he replied, 'Then all is lost!' And so it was. I read my defence in court. The judge laughed, the jury whispered, and I was convicted instanter of stealing spoons, when murder itself was no further from my thoughts than theft."

"But they tell me you were caught red-handed," said I. "Were not a half-dozen spoons found upon your person?"

"In my hand," returned the prisoner. "The spoons were in my hand when I was arrested, and they were seen there by the owner, by the police, and by the usual crowd of small boys that congregate at such embarrassing moments, springing up out of sidewalks, dropping down from the heavens, swarming in from everywhere. I had no idea there were so many small boys in the world until I was arrested, and found myself the cynosure of a million or more innocent blue eyes."

"Were they all blue-eyed?" I queried, thinking the point interesting from a scientific point of view, hoping to discover that curiosity of a morbid character was always found in connection with a specified hue.

"Oh no; I fancy not," returned my host. "But to a man with a load of another fellow's spoons in his possession, and a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, everything looks blue."

"I don't doubt it," I replied. "But—er—just how, now, could you defend yourself when every bit of evidence, and—you will excuse me for saying so—conclusive evidence at that, pointed to your guilt?"

"The spoons were a gift," he answered.

"But the owner denied that."

"I know it; that's where the beastly part of it all came in. They were not given to me by the owner, but by a lot of mean, low-down, practical-joke-loving ghosts."

Number 5010's anger as he spoke these words was terrible to witness, and as he strode up and down the floor of his cell and dashed his arms right and left, I wished for a moment that I was elsewhere. I should not have flown, however, even had the cell door been open and my way clear, for his suggestion of a supernatural agency in connection with his crime whetted my curiosity until it was more keen than ever, and I made up my mind to hear the story to the end, if I had to commit a crime and get myself sentenced to confinement in that prison for life to do so.

Fortunately, extreme measures of this nature were unnecessary, for after a few moments Surrennes calmed down, and seating himself beside me on the cot, drained his water-pitcher to the dregs, and began.

"Excuse me for not offering you a drink," he said, "but the wine they serve here while moist is hardly what a connoisseur would choose except for bathing purposes, and I compliment you by assuming that you do not wish to taste it."

"Thank you," I said. "I do not like to take water straight, exactly. I always dilute, in fact, with a little of this."

Here I extracted a small flask from my pocket and handed it to him.

"Ah!" he said, smacking his lips as he took a long pull at its contents, "that puts spirit into a man."

"Yes, it does," I replied, ruefully, as I noted that he had left me very little but the flask; "but I don't think it was necessary for you to deprive me of all mine."

"No; that is, you can't appreciate the necessity unless you—er—you have suffered in your life as I am suffering. You were never sent up yourself?"

I gave him a glance which was all indignation. "I guess not," I said. "I have led a life that is above reproach."

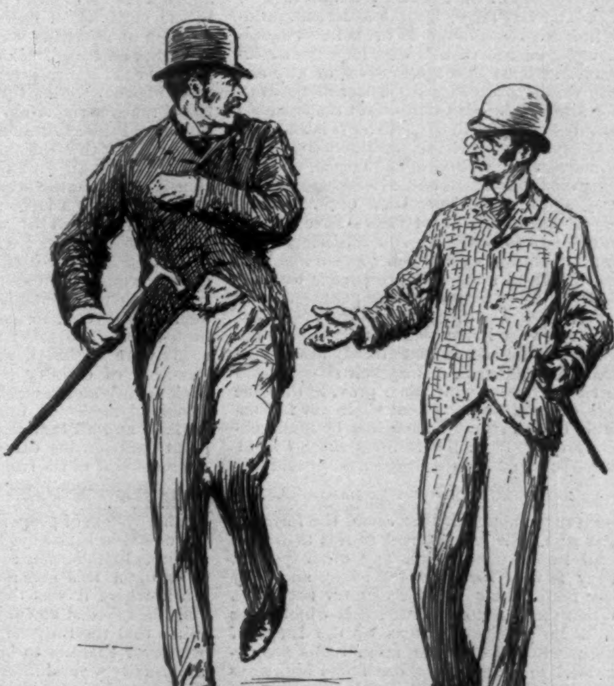
"Good!" he replied. "And what a satisfaction that is, eh? I don't believe I'd be able to stand this jail life if it wasn't for my conscience, which is as clear and clean as it would be if I'd never used it."

"Would you mind telling me what your defence was?" I asked.

"Certainly not," said he, cheerfully. "I'd be very glad to give it to you. But you must remember one thing—it is copyrighted."

"Fire ahead!" I said, with a smile. "I'll respect your copyright. I'll give you a royalty on what I get for the story."

"Very good," he answered. "It was like this. To begin, I must tell you that when I was a boy preparing for college, I had for a chum a brilliant fun-loving fellow named Hawley Hicks, concerning whose future various prophecies had been made. His mother often asserted that he would be a great poet; his father thought he was born to be a great general; our head-master at the Scarberry Institute for Young Gentlemen prophesied the gallows. They were all wrong; though, for myself, I think that if he had lived long enough almost any one of the prophecies might have come true. The trouble was that Hawley died at the age of twenty-three. Fifteen years elapsed. I was graduated with high honors at Brazenose, lived a life of elegant leisure, and at the age of thirty-seven broke down in health. That was about a year ago. My uncle, whose heir and constant companion I was, gave me a liberal allowance, and sent me off to travel. I came to America, landed in New York early in September, and set about winning back the color



"NO LESS A PERSON THAN HAWLEY HICKS."

(*Continued on page 278.*)

THE MOVEMENT FOR BETTER COUNTRY ROADS.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE common roads and country highways in the United States are worse than those to be found in any other country in the world pretending to be civilized and enjoying a stable form of government. As it has long been an axiom that the common highways of a country are at once the means and the measure of its civilization, it is somewhat strange that in this country, where we boast of enjoying a higher type of civilization than is to be found elsewhere, our roads should always have been so wretchedly bad. Even in the colonial times the necessity to make better the condition of the common roads was seriously felt, and in those parts of the country settled by particularly long-headed people, as, for instance, in the neighborhood of Boston, there have always been pretty good public highways. But, as a rule, all over the country, from then till now we have been content with dirt roads, which in the winter are muddy quagmires, and in summer streaks of dust. Both Washington and Hamilton, after the establishment of the republic, appreciated fully the importance of a general system of common highways. Washington recommended to Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, that the location, the building; and the repairs of roads be taken out of the hands of the local authorities; for he saw, what we see yet more clearly to-day, that where our highways are left to the tender mercies of the local authorities, they are mismanaged, badly built, and even in their worst condition harmed by any attempts to make them better. This is not because these local authorities would not like to have good roads, but it is because they have no means with which to do much better than is done, and if they did have the means, they lack the requisite knowledge, without which no decent roads can be built or managed.

Some time ago in the WEEKLY there was quite an exhaustive article upon the subject of highway improvement, together with suggestions as to the best methods of building and managing them. About the time of the publication of that article there was begun in this country a systematic movement in favor of the betterment of country roads. The most active promoters of this movement have been the members and the committees of the League of American Wheelmen, or, in other words, the bicycle riders of the country. These gentlemen have been ceaseless and energetic in their work, which promises in the near future to be rich with good results. At the outset, and even at this time to some extent, these gentlemen have been somewhat handicapped by the lack of esteem of the farming communities. The farmer, seeing a gentleman on a high wheel, with his nether limbs encased in slim stockings, fails entirely to comprehend the economical value of either the bicycle or the bicycler. He looks upon these riders as city dudes, and upon their sport as useless tomfoolery. When they preach to him the gospel of better roads, he laughs, and suspects that a very worthless selfishness is at the bottom of the wheelmen's desire for the improvement of the roads. Such an idea is, of course, very silly; but the American farmer, independent though he be, is nevertheless a suspicious individual, who inquires superficially at least into the motives of any one who would teach him any better methods of any kind. The idea that better roads would be only beneficial to bicycle riders is about as wise as to suggest that cellar doors were built primarily for children to slide upon, or gates hung that young girls could swing upon them. And, again, there have been other difficulties in the way. The farmers have always had to pay for building and repairing roads in this country, even when these roads happened to lead from one prosperous town to another. Very naturally these people, already overburdened by direct and indirect taxation, have felt very indisposed to take any action which should add to that already heavy burden. Any effort to secure their co-operation in road improvement must provide that the cost of such improvement shall not fall entirely upon them. Unless this be made entirely clear, from the farmers there will always be an active and stubborn opposition.

INDIFFERENCE OF THE FARMERS.

Strange though it may seem, the farmers, as a rule, take less interest in this matter of road improvement than any other people. Very few of them are travellers, and very few realize how bad the country roads are. When they are told of the roads which were built in prehistoric times by the Incas of Peru, when the Carthaginian roads are described to them, and those noble highways which radiated from ancient Rome are mentioned, they listen as though a fairy tale were being told; and when they hear of the great highways in France, in England and Switzerland and Germany, they listen with the same incredulity with which they receive the yarns which sailors and other travellers are privileged to bring from beyond the seas. They have never had better roads than those which exist to-day, nor did their fathers or grandfathers. Conservative men that they are, they feel that what was good enough in the olden time is good enough today; therefore, with a kind of contempt which is miserably pitiful, they "wallow in the mire of their ways, paying excessive tolls, enduring, in a word, a grinding taxation generation after generation, without appreciating the burden which rests upon them."

It has been suggested that the American roads be placed under a system of government supervision, and be divided somewhat as the French roads are:

First, national roads. These to be built and maintained by the general government, and be located with reference to military and postal requirements.

Second, State roads. These to be built and maintained by the several States, and connect the various localities of the States, and be planned with reference to the national roads.

Third, county or neighborhood roads. These to be built and maintained by counties and townships, and be located with reference to the classes just mentioned.

Those who advocate this idea say that if our common roads were improved by some such plan as this, we should soon have them in charge of competent and educated engineers. The national roads would probably be in charge of army engineers; the State roads in charge of engineers graduated from the agricultural and mechanical schools; and the neighborhood roads in charge of local men, who, once having had the example set them of how good roads are built, would be entirely competent to do what is usually necessary to be done in making a road of lesser importance. But even under such a plan as this, each county should have an engineer to design the difficult work, determine upon location of routes, and inspect constructions and repairs. Strange as it may seem, the proper location of a country highway presents to the engineer more complex problems than the location of a railroad. Country people do not understand this, and are not willing to believe it, therefore the cross-roads storekeeper and the village blacksmith are usually thought to be entirely competent to decide upon the best route for a country road.

THE LOCATION OF HIGHWAYS.

When a railroad is contemplated between two distant points, careful surveys are made by competent engineers before a route is finally selected. All the preliminary lines which have been run are carefully put down on a map, estimates are made as to the cost of building and maintaining each, and further calculations elaborated as to the traffic which each of the lines would be able to secure and accommodate. With all these facts and estimates before them, the engineers and capitalists finally decide where the railroad shall be located. Upon such preliminary work time and money are freely spent, for it is well known among all railroad managers that a bad location is a very expensive error to make at the outset, and one, too, which is almost impossible to repair.

When the roads which traverse parts of the United States were originally laid out, they were planned without reference to any great system which should at once answer immediate requirements and last for all time. When the population became denser, and roads, being more travelled, were found to be inadequate, there was an effort made in all such places to build permanent roads, but in the majority of cases the old haphazard location of the roads was deemed to be good enough, and these tracks through the forests and over the prairies were adopted as permanent highways. As traffic again increased, these roads were again found to be inadequate, and the statesmen of the country saw very plainly that the poor roads which prevailed nearly all over the United States seriously menaced the prosperity of the people. Then began on a large scale a plan of highway improvement by which various States should be connected with each other. Before these great national roads assisted by the government had been completed, the railway came into being, and the attention of men was directed to making these new iron highways. The great systems of common roads were neglected, and the care and construction of country roads passed back to each county and township, and so they have remained, neglected, uncared for, a heavy tax on land and all that land produces, and the great contributing cause which takes to the overcrowded cities from farms and villages the most vigorous youths and the most sturdy maidens.

This system of properly locating and building common highways having been abandoned some half-century ago, it has been incumbent upon this generation to take up the work where it was then left off. In locating the railroad an engineer needs to bear in mind that the railroad must be approached wherever there is to be a station. Stations are usually several miles apart, and therefore this part of his problem is so simplified that he can locate his road with regard entirely to the general topographical features of the country, and then establish the stations at such places as may be easy of approach. But the engineer locating a common highway must bear in mind that his road must be accessible on both sides as far as it stretches. See what a difference this makes! The railroad engineer, in running up a valley, can hug high hills on one side, with a turbulent watercourse on the other; but such a location would be out of the question for the highway engineer, for those who are to use his road must be able to reach it easily from the farms on either side, and that without going out of their way. And in the matter of drainage, which is of even more importance in building a highway than a railroad, the task is more complex. The railroad runs over low ground with an embankment, and at convenient places lets the water through with a trestle or an open culvert. Such expedients are not permissible in locating highways. The highway engineer must select his route so that he can take the water beneath the road-bed in covered drains or bridges or covered culverts, and he must see that the water which is to go below will be concentrated at such places as he has provided for its passage, for it would never do for any moisture to get below the stone with which good highways are covered. Now as to grades on highways, the engineer must display even greater care and skill. It is poor location to have deep cuts or high embankments on a highway, while the railway engineer can do as much of this as he chooses and his company has money enough to pay for. If he chooses to go under a range of hills, he puts a tunnel through, and there he is on the other side. But these devices, which so simplify the work of the railroad builder, cannot be resorted to by the road-maker. If he is obliged to go over a range of hills or cross a valley, he must so locate his lines that he can do both and still in each instance keep within a reasonable distance of the natural surface. And yet he must not make his grade so steep that heavy loads cannot be hauled over it easily, nor must he make his road very much longer than a straight line between the points from and to which he is building.

THE ECONOMIC ASPECT.

The condition of the common roads has a very interesting economic bearing of a direct nature, and an indirect one not less important. In the matter of the earning capacity and value of horses and other draught animals the common roads have direct effect. If a horse can do one-third more work on a good road and be in a working condition one-third longer than he can on a bad road, then his earning capacity, and hence his value, is increased just one-third. This assumption is based upon a very low estimate. In all probability, if it were possible to make an exact calculation, it would be found that the earning capacity and the total length of serviceable life of draught animals would be more nearly doubled than increased only one-third. The census enumerators of 1890 found that there were in this country 14,213,837 horses, valued at $68 each; 2,331,027 mules, valued at $78 each; and 36,849,024 oxen, and other draught animals, valued at $15 each—making a total of 53,393,888 animals used on the roads, at a total value of $1,721,535,798. All these horses and mules work at some time on the roads, and indeed much the greater part of the total work done by them is upon country roads and city streets. If all the work done by them was upon the roads, the increased valuation, based upon the above hypothesis of earning capacity, would be $573,845,266, but as all the work is not done on the roads, it is only fair to reduce this by one-half, and then we would have, by a general improvement of the roads of the country, our property in horses and mules and other draught animals increased in value $2,866,922,633. I have no figures showing the value of carriages, buggies, and other road vehicles in this country. To put their value at $500,000,000 would be placing it very low, and there would be no chance to say that the estimate or guess was exaggerated. Taking into consideration the cost of repairs necessitated by reason of bad roads and the shortened serviceable life to such vehicles, I feel safe in assuming that with good roads these vehicles would last one-half longer, and their value, therefore, be increased at least $250,000,000. Taking these two sources of increased valuation together, we should have an enhanced property valuation of $536,922,633, all brought about by the improvement of the common roads. Mr. Isaac B. Potter, the chairman of the National Committee on Improvement of the Highways of the League of American Wheelmen, has assumed in round numbers that the draught animals in use in the United States are worth $2,000,000,000. He says:

"Busy or idle, these animals must be fed and cared for every day. They are boarders that you can't get rid of when the busy season is over, and it stands you in need to keep them at work. Two billion dollars make a large sum invested at 5 per cent. interest. It would produce nearly $2,000,000 per week. Then you throw away more than 16,000,000 of horses and mules alone, and to feed and care for these it costs the modest sum of $4,000,000 per day. A little while ago a very clever and intelligent citizen of Indiana estimated that bad roads cost the farmer $15 per year for each horse and mule in his service. This means a loss in the aggregate of nearly $250,000,000 per year; add wear and tear of wagons and harness, $100,000,000; depreciated value of farm lands, $2,000,000,000; total, $2,350,000,000.

"Making the utmost allowance in favor of the farmer, and granting the necessity of the liberal use of horse-power in the maintenance of agricultural traffic, it is easily certain that the farmers of this country are keeping at least 2,000,000 horses more than would be necessary to do all the hauling between farm and market if only the principal roads were brought to a good condition. If you estimate that all these horses are fed an ordinary army ration of hay and oats, it requires 14,000 tons of hay or fodder and 750,000 bushels of oats per day to feed these unnecessary animals, which themselves have a money value of $140,000,000. The value of hay and oats fed to these horses per day is about $300,000, or something like $114,000,000 per year.

These are large figures. Now let us see what it would cost to do the necessary work so that such savings could be made. It has been estimated by the authorities of the State of New York that with $10,000,000 the roads in the entire State could be put in very good condition. The roads in New York are not better than they are in other States. They are a great deal worse than in some of the New England States, for instance, and I therefore assume that this estimate can be followed as a guide in determining what would be needed to complete in the whole country excellent roads, which, once constructed, could be cheaply and easily maintained. Considering the area of New York and the density of population, and using these figures in the problem, I estimate that $400,000,000 would give us a good system of common roads all over the country. This is a great deal of money, but it doesn't seem great compared with the values which would be enhanced by its wise expenditure. And right here it may be noted that the cost of maintaining and repairing a highway properly constructed in the first instance ought never to be greater for a year than one per cent. of its first cost. In the two items of horses and vehicles, as I have shown, the increased value of these properties would more than pay for the improvement; but it is not the greatest value, by any means. The effect upon the horses and vehicles used on roads would be more immediate and more direct, and therefore I have called particular attention to this phase of the subject. The enhancement of the value of real estate would be so great that the items I have mentioned would seem so insignificant as not to be worth discussing. In one neighborhood alone—that of Union County, New Jersey—the improvement of the roads has changed values so greatly that men who a few years ago were struggling farmers, with earnings so scant that it was difficult to make two ends meet, are now not only well-to-do, but absolutely rich. They can sell their crops at good profits; they can grow more profitable crops; they can get these crops quickly and cheaply to market; and their lands, for which at low prices it was formerly almost impossible to find purchasers, are now in demand at prices which, compared with the old order of things, seem fabulous, and the mere mention of which suggests a most unaccustomed condition of opulence.

THE SOCIAL SIDE.

These are a few of the direct economic problems in which the roads are factors. There is another one worthy of mention of even greater importance. It is hard to put any money estimate upon the value of an improved social condition; indeed, it is impossible. But our bad roads have so serious an influence upon country life and the happiness of the men and the women who lead rural lives that in all probability a purely social aspect of the case is more important than any other. One can scarcely pick up a newspaper nowadays without reading that in farming communities it is most difficult to get competent and trustworthy agricultural laborers. When any thoughtful observer sees in the great cities how the families of the men who do what is called laborers' work are lodged, when he sees them huddled together in great, badly smelling tenement-houses, he marvels that they should prefer this to life in the country, where fresh air is free and wholesome food is cheap, but there can be little doubt that there is a preference for this kind of existence in cities, even though it be a fact that work is harder to get there than in the country, and not a bit more regular. Not only is this the case with laborers, but we find, whenever we choose to inquire, that the best youths born of country families early begin to feel a hankering for town life. If they staid at home to till the soil or fields there would not be this scarcity of agricultural laborers which has just been noted; but no sooner does an adventuresome youth in the country begin to feel the down upon his cheeks changing into whiskers than he is fired with an ambition to go to some city and become a member of the great bustle and strife which the close competition of men with men produces. This doesn't mean that he is afraid of the hard work that has to be done on the farm, for none but a fool would believe that a man to succeed even moderately does not have to work just as hard in town as in the country, and farmers' boys are not fools—at least they have not proved themselves to be in America, for the great majority of our distinguished and successful men have been recruited not from the colleges and universities of learning, but from these very fields which now suffer because there are not men enough to cultivate them.

Among those who conspicuously advocate the idea that the national government should take a part and lead in this matter of road improvement is General Roy Stone, of New York, the engineer and inventor. The restless activity of General Stone's mind has been directed to this problem for many years, and he has recently secured the co-operation of several prominent statesmen in

Washington in a project soon to be formulated in a bill to be brought before Congress. This bill proposes the formation of a National Highway Commission, which shall examine the whole subject, formulate a plan for a National School of Roads and Bridges, and make an exhibit at the World's Fair.

The suggestion that it shall be shown during the World's Fair that America is alive to the necessity of improving her interior method of communication is particularly happy. It is true that the larger proportion of foreign visitors who will come to America in 1893 will see only such highways as railroads and city streets; but those who come really to study us and to measure our civilization and general progress will go further afield, and they, of course, will see the disgraceful condition of our common roads. It will be well worth while to show to such as these that we are alive to the importance of the subject, and aware of the reproach of our wretched ways.

THE FALLS OF THE MISSOURI.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

It can scarcely be possible that time adds to history so fast anywhere else in the world as it does in the new Northwestern States of this country. To very much the majority of Americans the marvellous Falls of the Missouri are thought of as Captains Lewis and Clarke so graphically described their discovery, ornamenting a vast rolling wilderness of plains-land in what might be with poetic license described as the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. Those gallant explorers made their famous excursion across the continent in 1804–6. When they mapped the country they traversed, they thought of the lands through which the Missouri runs only as the territory which had been the subject of the Louisiana purchase. Montana was thus part of Louisiana in their time. Then it became part of Missouri Territory; next it was part of Nebraska Territory; and after that it was part of Dakota. That, however, was slow-paced history, and in that region the people do not think that the recent organization of Montana as one of the sisterhood of States was accomplished any too quickly.

Later events of a minor character have been much more rapid in that region. That is markedly illustrated by two little pamphlets that lie on my desk as I write. In one the author, Mr. William F. Wheeler, now secretary of the Montana Historical Society, says, under date of 1882, that the Falls of the Missouri are in Choteau County, 100 miles from the Northern Pacific Railroad at Helena. There was then no railroad to them. In the other pamphlet, issued by the business men of "that prosperous centre of industrial activity" called Great Falls, the rapids and cataracts in the Louisiana purchase are described as being near the county-seat of Cascade County, on three railroads—the Great Northern, the Montana Central, and the Great Falls and Canada. In so short a time a new county, a prosperous industrial centre, and three railroads altered the local conditions out there.

I visited the falls last winter, and am both free and frank to confess that in thinking of them the thrilling and fascinating experiences of their discoverers, Lewis and Clarke, were uppermost in my mind. On the way there, it happened that I met an energetic and valiant successor to those military officers in the person of Lieutenant Ahern, who has of late years done much valuable work in exploring and mapping the Rocky Mountains in Montana. It fell out, most appropriately, that he told me of an adventure during this work wherein Lewis and Clarke may be said almost to have returned to the virgin territory in which they risked and often nearly lost their lives. Lieutenant Ahern had cut out from a copy of their printed journal those leaves wherein they describe their journey over and through the Rocky Mountains. The lieutenant was in a part of the mountains with which he was unfamiliar, and, happening to meet a hunter, he talked with him about the forward route to be taken. The hunter professed intimate familiarity with the trail, but speedily acknowledged himself lost. As night was falling, a camp was made, and Lieutenant Ahern whiled the time away by re-reading his pages of Lewis and Clarke's journal. He found in them an accurate description of the country around him, and in the morning enjoyed the satisfaction of becoming guide to the hunter, and leading him to a landmark which both were seeking. Later still, when I stood beside one of the falls of the majestic river, I was informed that though it is nearly ninety years since the explorers visited and described the cascades and rapids, their descriptions and even their measurements apply to them accurately to-day.

I did not have the journal of the explorers with me, but I recollected how they separated, and Captain Lewis took one water route while his companion followed another stream, each being most anxious to come upon the falls in order to distinguish the main current from its feeders. I remembered Captain Lewis's hearing the noise of the great fall from a distance of seven miles. I recalled his description of numerous great but abandoned Indian camps, and the notes he made of the scene near the falls, where the vast grassy plain was dotted with great herds of buffalo. I remembered how a bear chased him into the river, how three buffalo bulls charged upon him, how a rattlesnake came near to making his acquaintance in a most unpleasant manner, and how the hardy explorer wrote that at the end of all these adventures he felt his mind crowded with a host of memories of the uncommon and astonishing scenes and occurrences he had witnessed and experienced.

Leaving out the buffalo, or perhaps exchanging for them the Texan steers of to-day in far fewer numbers, and excepting the big-horned sheep and the wolves and eagles and deserted Indian camps, the scene near the Great or Lower Falls cannot be so different from what it was in their day as Messrs. Lewis and Clarke might expect. To-day, as then, the everlasting, rolling blanket of brown bunch grass reaches incessantly away in every direction except where the Belt Mountains and other spurs of the Rockies raise their blue and sometimes snow-capped masses. To one who has seen the Missouri elsewhere, in Montana, the Dakotas, or Nebraska, the falls, where they occur, impress the spectator as being entirely outside of the staid and dignified character of the noble stream. But scarcely anywhere along the whole course of the river could they create greater surprise in one who was not on the lookout for them than where they are found. It is true that there the plains are very hilly and contorted, but this very irregularity of the earth's surface helps to hide the river, and one may often ride close beside it, and look over it at the hills beyond, without getting a glimpse of the lordly stream. The Missouri, before it comes to the first falls, is only about 300 yards wide, enormous enough in itself, but, as seen by an eagle, a mere thread of silver and suds bisecting the plains.

The best way to see all the falls and the rapids is from below. It must be remembered that for a distance of more than a dozen miles the river battles with its slanting bed, or, if it be not battling it, is racing and frolicking down a steep hill. There are five falls and a score of rapids in that madcap descent. It is five hundred feet nearer to the level of the sea at the end of that run than it was at the beginning. Approaching the river from below the lower falls, it is found to be compressed into a third of its former and after width by towering walls of sandstone, which form a magnificent cañon. In the bottom of that it races along, now smoothly and now in myriads of fretful wrinkles, white-capped here and there, as it passes over the rocks that it has hurled along and formed into semi-blockades against its own headway. It is not here a muddy river. It is a mighty course of crystal when you sample it; of emerald where it is shallow; of molten sapphire where it has great depth. The sheer and mighty walls suggest the Palisades of the Hudson in places; but in other parts they are broken, and terraces of bunch grass rise one above the other, each toothed with an outcropping of rough or jagged rock.

It seems at first as though the river must once have filled up the great gutter along the bed of which it runs, and must there have been many times as deep as it is now; but the farther up the ascent is made, as fall and rapid, rapid and fall, are passed, the more evident it becomes that the river descends at a greater angle than the land slopes, and that the effect this produces is heightened very greatly where the hills that accompany its course press close upon its sides. It is everywhere a noble stream, but to the eastward and southward of the falls, in other States, it has an indolent, patient, stolid character. To understand its might and mastery, it must be seen not only where it carves a roadway through the bed-stone of the plains but higher up still, where it bursts the Rockies asunder, and scattering the solid masses like a Hercules fretted by granite bonds, leaps out from the gloom and shadows of the hills into the open and sunshine of the plains. It has always seemed to me a gigantic theft and outrage that we committed when we gave to the more famous part of this royal river the name of one of its tributaries; for it is the mighty Missouri that begins in the Rockies, that divides the southern part of our country, and that discharges its waters into the Gulf of Mexico at New Orleans. That to which we give the name of the Missouri is 2900 miles in length. At the point at which the Mississippi joins it the Mississippi has run 1300 miles, and has 1300 more to go; but the Missouri, everywhere possessed of the same characteristics, is 4200 miles long between its birthplace in the mountains and its ending in the Gulf.

I was not so fortunate as the first Americans who visited the Falls of the Missouri, and saw the greatest of the cascades sending up clouds of fog-like spray to catch a golden sunburst and turn it to a rainbow. They came upon the falls in June, when the river had been swollen by heavy rains. Yet, but for that and the sunshine, it was last winter just as they had described it. The great fall is somewhat disappointing as seen from above, and most majestic when viewed from below. It may be said to have two parts, one of which is a sheer leap of a third of the river's bulk from over the edge of a flat sharp-edged rock down about 90 feet to the lower level; the other and major part plunges interruptedly, at a lesser angle, down upon other rocks, there to lash and pound itself into a fury.

There are four distinct falls above this, at some of which the walls of the river cañon slope toward the water, at others where the walls are precipitous. Everywhere the grass and the dead and lifeless-looking rocks edge the chasm. Everywhere the walls show either ledges and terraces or lines of stratification. Small cottonwoods and bushes cling to what shelves they can find, islands of rock or small timber divide the swift current, rapids almost innumerable break the intervals with veritable stairs, and the thunder of cascades or the low roar of swirling waters fills the air. But wonderful as the aggregation of water-washed declivities is, there is one spot in the river which I would eagerly select were I to know that I could visit but one of its many points of interest again. That is the point from which one may view both the Crooked Falls and the Rainbow Falls. The Crooked Falls are most peculiar. To imagine them, not having seen them, the reader must fancy a deep and rugged cañon bedded with troubled, racing water, and in the middle a great water-fall shaped like the blade of a hatchet, whose hammer end points up stream, while the extreme corners of the blade touch either shore. It is not a high fall. It is not 20 feet high at the deepest part, I think, but it presents the spectacle of waters falling toward each other sidewise, and at right angles and obtuse angles and in curves; for the hatchet form, the reader must recollect, is the shape of the placid water, and the water-falls are around its edges, playing their majestic streams upon it.

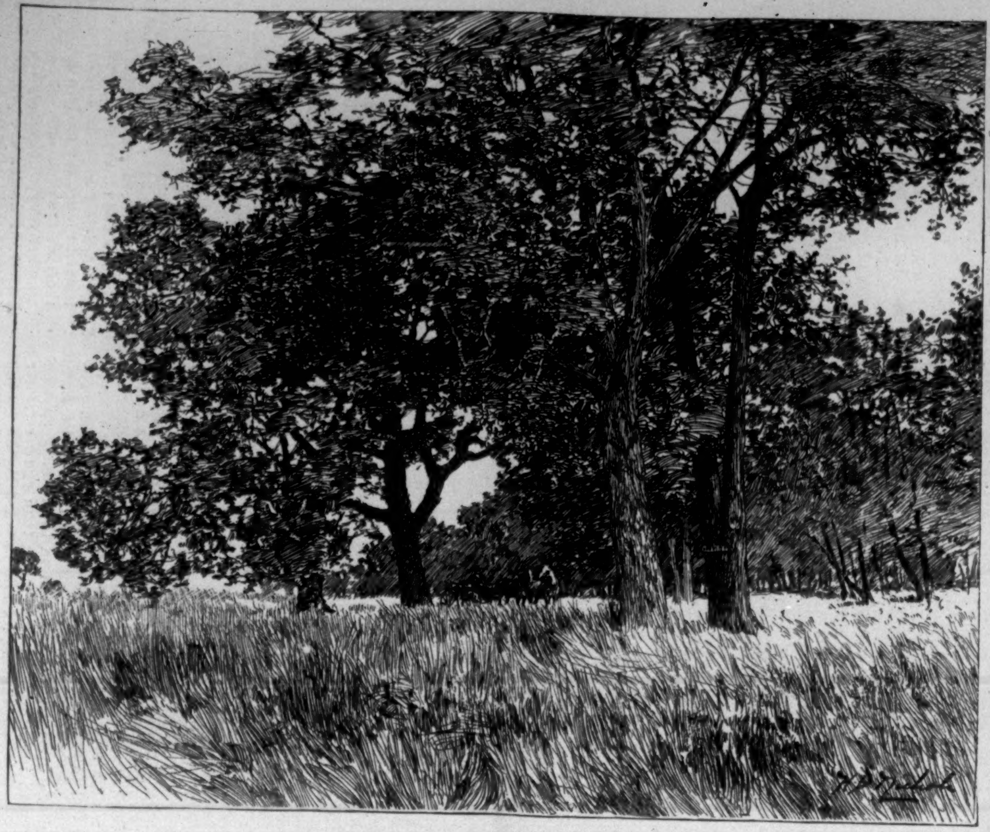
There may be other such falls in the world, but I never saw one. That part at right angles to the course of the stream, which I have represented as the blunt end of the hammer, is that which would naturally be the main cascade; but in the Crooked Falls it is the least part—it is a tiny fraction of the cascade. One bank of the river is rocky and precipitous; the other is low and sloping. From the high bank across a slight curve the spectator sees the Rainbow Falls—only 48 feet high, but the most perfect and beautiful of all the leaps the great river takes. All the falls are straight and sheer to the left of the middle of the river, and are more or less broken and terraced on the other side; but where the Rainbow Falls are thus interrupted by projecting rocks the disturbance is slight, and enhances the splendor of the effect.

From the Rainbow Falls the visitor sees the first sign that Lewis and Clarke's diary is far behind the times, for in the distance are the chimneys of the smelters and other works that belong within the confines of that new disturber of the maps of our school days called Great Falls, a town which has grown up above the plains in acknowledgment that man's conquest of the wilderness is a thing of so distant a past that cities now are growing up in his honor. Almost among these evidences of man's complete domination of the land is a freak of nature even more surprising and unique than the combination of other wonders in the neighborhood. It is, apparently, a river bursting up through the earth alongside of the Missouri. The spot is called the Giant Springs, but one wishes he could know what the Indians used to call it, for they were the happiest of all folk at such christenings. It is a Devil's Caldron, if you please, or a Spouting River, or a Big Fountain. Over a great space the water of these springs forms a pocket at one side and close to the river. It looks, at the first glance, as if it were a big pool that has been held apart from the river by a chain of rocks, over which it has risen and is leaping; but a second, longer glance shows that the middle of the surface of the pool is very much higher than the water around it; a still closer look makes it clear that the water is bubbling up not only there, but in many places, in many aqueous mounds made by many streams of water that spring with force and volume from under the pool they create. Piers or bridges have been built out over this extraordinary fountain, and one may walk far out upon them, and see not only the powerful disturbances of the water and the majestic body of it that pours over the rocks to add another and nameless river to the Missouri's bulk, but something besides, and far more beautiful. That is the vegetable life under the water. The water is as clear as any that was ever seen, as colorless as that in Lake Superior's bays, and far down on the rough rocky bottom are weeds and plants that lift their slender many-shaped leaves to be swayed ceaselessly to and fro by the commotion of the water. All the vegetation is green, but none is so vividly and brightly green as the water-cress plants. There are millions of these, fields of them. They are the largest, tenderest, most succulent cresses I ever tasted, and are always as cold as the water, which is the next thing to ice, whether it be tasted in midwinter or in July. Like everything else pertaining to this playground of nature, the spring was discovered by the first white men who visited it. They said of it that "the water of this fountain is of the most perfect clearness and of rather a bluish cast, and even after falling into the Missouri, it preserves its color for half a mile." I did not notice this peculiarity, and cannot say whether it continues to-day or not. But, quite appropriate to this sudden upspringing of a body of water equal to that of a river, is the fact that I was told that in the country adjacent to the Missouri more than one river, after advancing for miles toward the Missouri, suddenly ceases to exist, ending in a bed of stones, as if the water sank through the earth's crust or dried up.

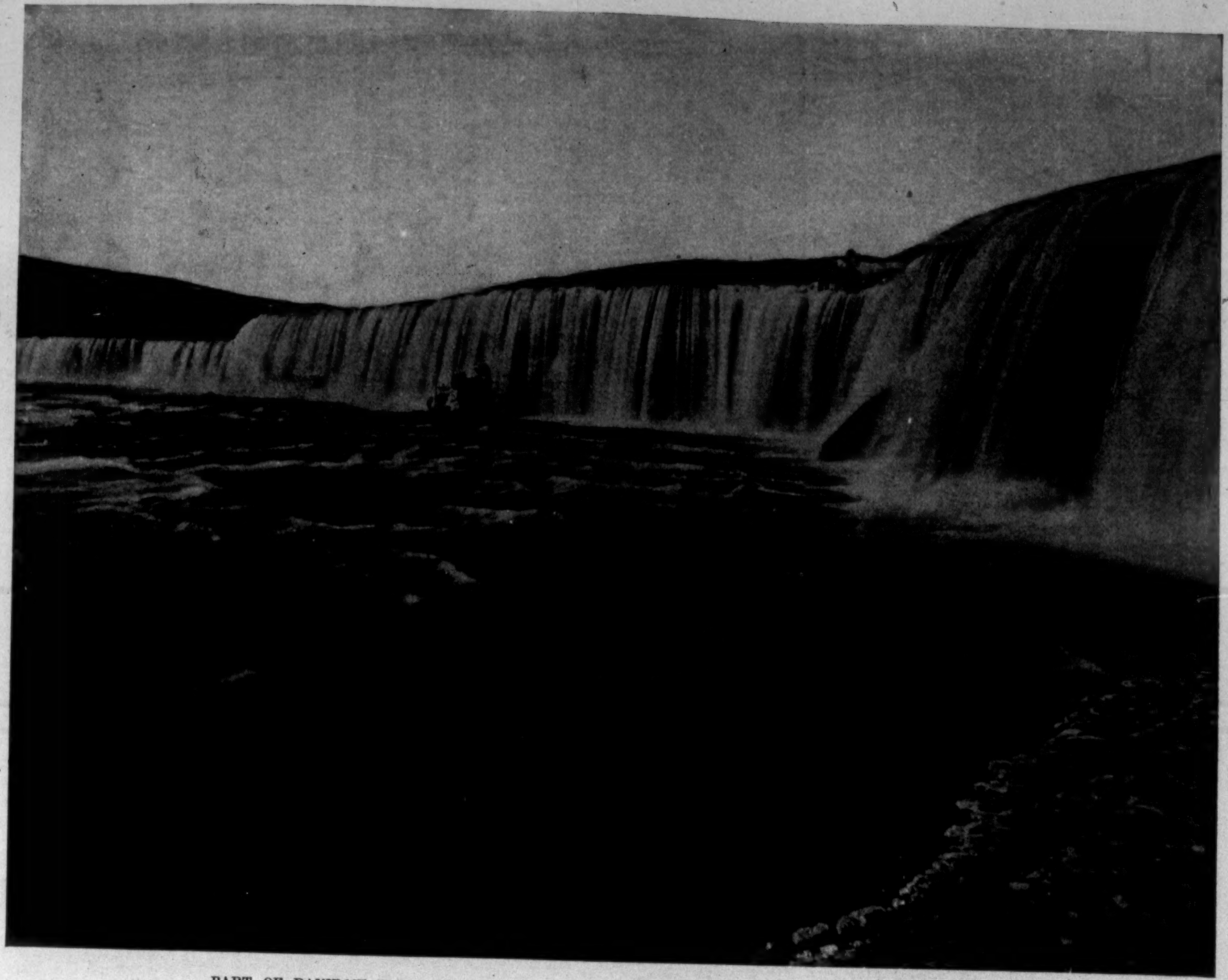
Colter's Falls and Black Eagle Falls complete the chain of great cascades. It would be tedious to write or to read a list of the rapids. Colter's Falls are formed by a combination of rapids and cascades, and are scarcely worthy of separate mention, but the Black Eagle Falls, by which the great river leaps down a distance of nearly 32 feet, in a skip of 5 feet and a jump of nearly 27 feet, are great and roaring and beautiful. At these falls is now to be seen a great dam with buildings on either side of the fall, one a power-house for running an electric railway and lighting plant in the city of Great Falls, and the other a huge smelting-works for the reduction of copper ore. This dam and these industries are but the beginnings of the projected utilization of all the vast water-power which the falling river creates, and which in other lands and eras would have squandered itself upon the incompetent air, as Lewis and Clarke described the charms of the great fall that "since the creation had been lavishing its magnificence upon the desert."

Above the Black Eagle Falls and the dam is the city of Great Falls, a place not yet five years old, but boasting 7000 population, two newspapers, an opera-house, a club, good hotels, electrical service, several railroads—and a desire to become the capital of Montana when the votes of the people of that State determine the permanent seat of the State government. We will return to another view of this ambitious little city after a further sweep of the eye along the Missouri. It dawdles along above the first falls all the way to the gate of the mountains, as if unconscious of the tumbling it has to go through, or as if tired after its hard-fought contest with the Rockies, that press upon it, and even squeeze and try to barricade it before it breaks away from them. The distance from the mountains to the first falls is thirty miles or more, and instead of savages and buffaloes and wolves, the country is inhabited by farmers, sheep-herders, cattle-men, horse-ranchers, and the station-men and track-tenders of the railroads. Strawberries, potatoes, barley, wheat, oats, apples, and butter are some of the products of the region; three million pounds of wool were shipped from Great Falls last year, brownstone is quarried there, and coal is mined there. The transformation from the conditions that Lewis and Clarke found is complete and tremendous. Since I have come back from there, I remember that the discoverers of that region said that strange noises, as of explosions, frequently rolled over the plains from the mountains, and a foot-note in the *Journal of Lewis and Clarke*, published in 1842 by Harper & Brothers, declares that the Indians of Brazil accounted for such noises in the mountains of that country by saying that nature has a way of enclosing colored stones "like jewelry" in cases or shells the size of a man's head, and then exploding them, when they come to maturity, "to scatter about abundance of beautiful stones." However this may be, one must go in precisely the opposite direction, to where the Missouri has left its rocky cañon and begun to earn its reputation as a muddy river, before its beds of sapphires and garnets are come upon, near Helena.

Just as Niagara Falls is being harnessed to manufactures by those who have estimated the force that it has been wasting, so is this series of cascades and rapids along the Missouri River beginning to be manacled to the car of industrial progress. It is estimated that the descent of the Missouri affords an opportunity to secure 250,000 horse-power of the cheapest and most reliable sort, and a company that is largely made up of New-Yorkers has secured the land on either side of the river for a distance of twelve miles beside the falls and rapids. Mr. Paris Gibson, then a resident of Fort Benton, is said to have been the first man to think of utilizing this wasted power. He interested James J. Hill, the great railroad operator of the Northwest, and then the steps necessary for securing the land and the water rights were taken, and four years ago a company with $5,000,000 capital was organized. Messrs. D. Willis James, J. Kennedy Tod, J. S. Kennedy, Smith Weed, John G. Moore, and General Samuel Thomas are mentioned there as among the New-Yorkers who are interested in the venture. The Montana Silver-Lead Smelting-works, in which other New-Yorkers have an interest, was the first company to put up works on this tract, and coincident with the building of the first dam at Black Eagle Falls was the construction of the works of the Boston and Montana Smelting-works for the reduction of ores brought from Butte. About 20,000 horse-power is obtained at this dam, and as the demand for more power necessitates it, the work of building other dams will be pushed farther and farther along the river. It is more than the ordinary mind can conceive to estimate the surprise of Messrs. Lewis and Clarke, could they return to earth and see, a few years from now, the banks of that cañon lined with factories backed by clusters of the homes of workmen, the falls and rapids each seconded by dams, and all the water-power, which they regarded only as productive of scenic effects, trained to turn the modern spinning-wheels, the turbines of to-day. And who shall say whether they would envy the owners of the power, or mourn the practical tendency of the age?

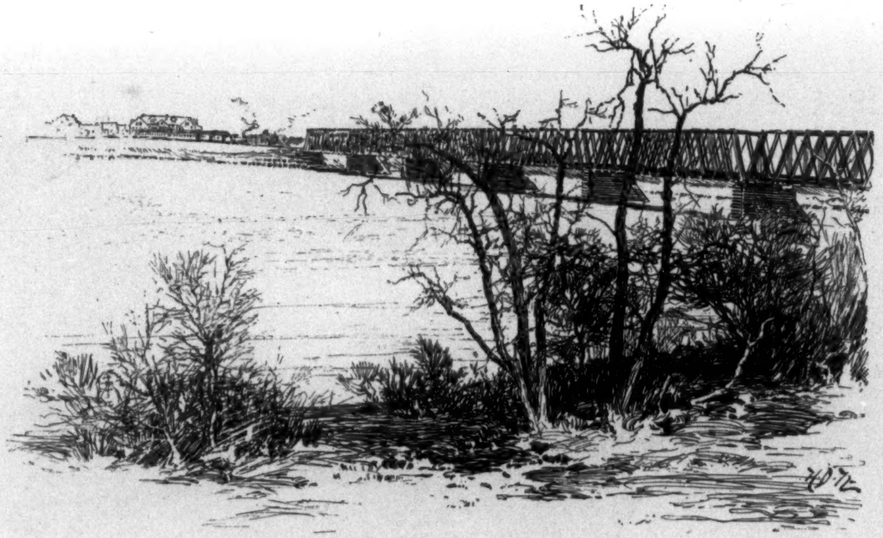


IN COTTONWOOD PARK, GREAT FALLS.

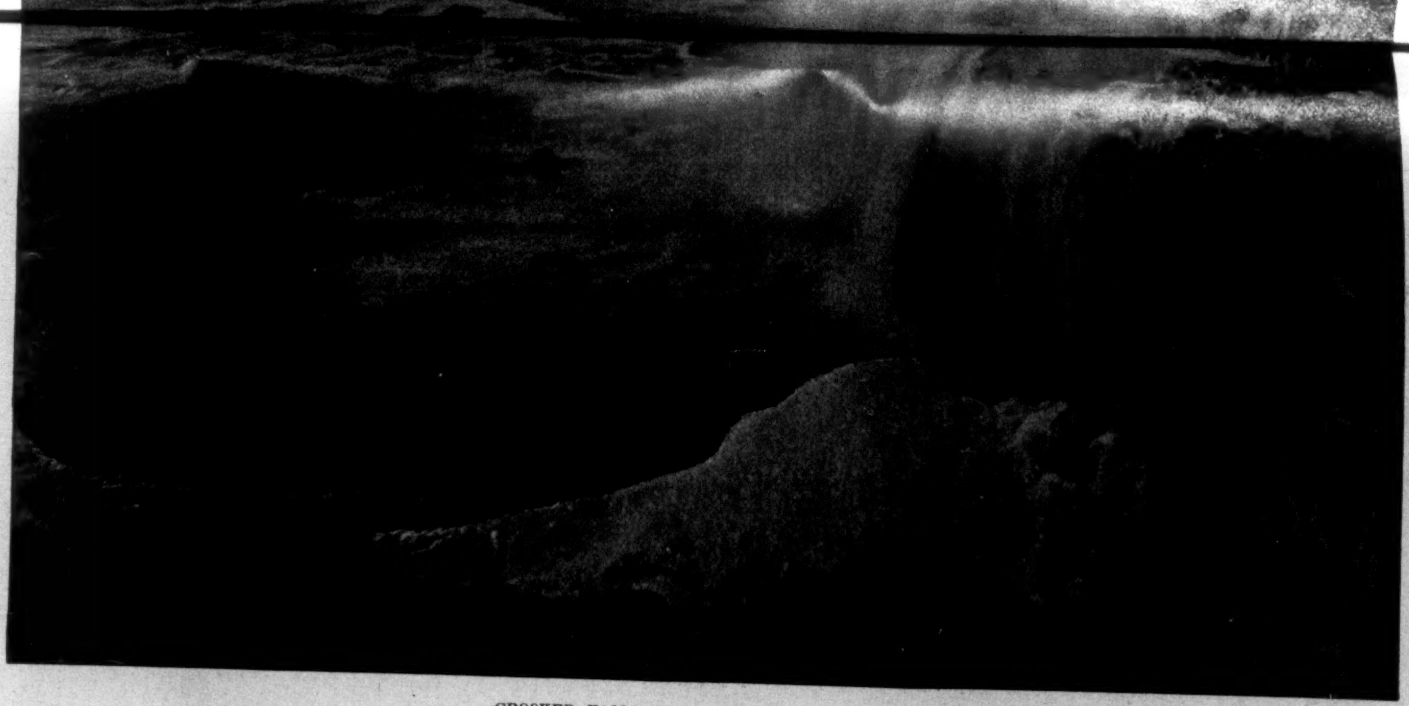


PART OF RAINBOW FALLS (FALLS OF THE MISSOURI), FROM THE SOUTH SHORE, LOOKING NORTH.

PART OF LOWER FALLS (FALLS OF THE MISSOURI), FROM BOTTOM OF CAÑON, LOOKING NORTH.

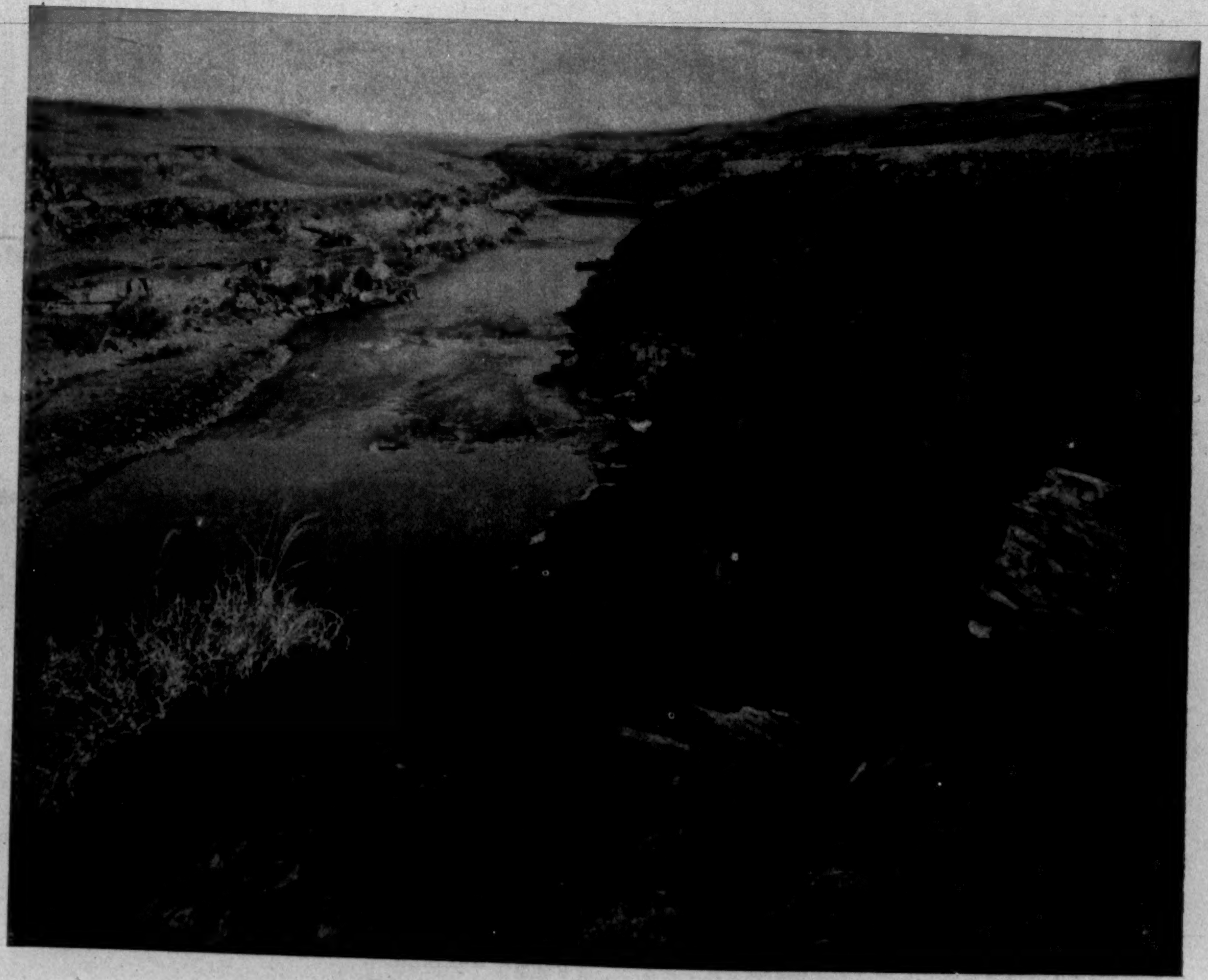


MANITOBA RAILROAD BRIDGE, GREAT FALLS.



CROOKED FALLS (FALLS OF THE MISSOURI).

LOWER FALLS.



CAÑON OF THE MISSOURI RIVER, BELOW GREAT FALLS.

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, AND VICINITY.—FROM PAINTINGS, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. COWLES.

WHERE'S BILL?

WHERE'S Bill? Yes, o' course I'm glad to
See th' old town once again;
When I turned th' bend I had to
Jes git up an' yell; an' when
I seen that old steeple risin'
Like a guide-post on th' hill,
Leapin' up frum th' horizon,
I jes had to— Say, where's Bill?

Know that meetin'-house? I guess so!
Ain't that where we uset to go,
Us boys? Settin' stiff an' jes so,
Like we was put up to show.
There's th' graveyard back behind it,
With th' old stone on th' hill;
I believe that I could find it
If I tried to now. Where's Bill?

When we two was boys, Bill showed it
To me one day, an' th' year
Cut in it was— There, I knowed it
Wasn't fur away frum here.
See, it's old an' stained an' breakin',
Grass-growed, too, an' cracked, until
It seems like some poor, forsaken,
Homeless thing that— Say, where's Bill?

Bill an' me we often wondered
Whose that stone was; for we guessed
It 'd laid down there a hunderd
Years or more at very best.
An' he uset to say: "Now, I don't
Wunt no better tomb. I will
Lay there when I die." Say, why don't
Some o' you-uns say where's Bill?

Yes, old pard, this is th' stone, an'
It's th' one you uset to claim.
Pshaw! *You* talk about yer own, an'
Sich fool things. Why—what's—this name
Here, cut underneath the creepers
An' th' moss? Why are you still?
His name! Here among th' sleepers—
An' I— Well, I've found you, Bill.

CARL SMITH.

THE AMATEUR'S KITCHEN-GARDEN.

II.

THE site of the garden is of much importance, but, unfortunately, the choice of most amateurs is very restricted. Where a little country or suburban place has only an area of an acre or two there is not much room for selection, and the garden must be located wherever there happens to be a place for it, the location of the house usually determining that of the garden. When there is room for selection, however, the garden site should be located on a southern slope, with an exposure to the east and west. If there be not a natural protection from the north and northeast, then some artificial barrier, such as a solid fence or shrubbery, is of advantage. The plan, too, of the garden is usually determined by the size and shape of the lot; but it is of advantage, when there is space enough, to have the garden long and narrow rather than square, as the English authorities recommend. In England they do not use the plough in the garden, as we do here, and therefore they prefer there the square garden, which is quite natural. Where long rows can be had in a garden there is much economy of labor, for then horse-power can be used to advantage. The plough and the harrow do not, of course, make a perfect tilth, but these can be supplemented with the hoe and hand rake until—if the earth be friable, as all garden soil should be—a proper pulverization be attained. Such a procedure would be much cheaper than spading up the whole garden by hand, though, to be sure, a better tilth is obtained by the more laborious method. I have known amateurs to object to the long-row plan because they preferred having full rows of each vegetable. It is just as easy, however, to have several vegetables in the same row as only one. One thing is certain, however, that a beginner must make a definite plan before he begins his work in the spring, otherwise he will never know what to do next, and will inevitably fall behind with his work. All of the seedsmen publish catalogues, and in most of them there are diagrams for small gardens; any of these will do to follow at the first attempt. Afterwards the amateur should modify his plans according to his experience and inclination.

If the soil of the garden site be not what it should be, its defects will have to be corrected, else all efforts will fail. As to this, each beginner should take the advice of some one in his neighborhood skilled in gardening. The ideal soil is a rich, warm, sandy loam naturally drained. If deficient in drainage, thorough drainage must be provided. In a small garden this can be usually done very cheaply with tiles or with blind ditches. In this regard, too, the beginner had better not depend at first upon his own intuitions or upon what he has read, but consult some one who has had experience, and there are many such persons in every neighborhood. If the soil be too heavy and cold, applications of sand, coal ashes, sandy loam, and an abundant supply of stable manure will correct the deficiencies, and make the soil lighter and warmer. If it be too sandy, the addition of clay will improve it. Peat and other vegetable matter in a state of decay will often correct either extreme, and good compost will ameliorate any soil, both in point of fertility and mechanical texture. This tends to make clay soil porous and sandy soil retentive.

The first actual work an amateur should undertake after making his plan is the planting of an asparagus bed. In laying out his asparagus-bed he should bear in mind that he is then planning not for a season, but for all time, as an asparagus bed properly planted and cared for is as good at the end of forty years as when it is first cut from. Henderson thinks the asparagus bed of such importance that he recommends that it be located when the house is planned, and that it be prepared and planted at once. It is not wise to cut from the bed until the plants have become several years old. The roots—Conover's Colossal has long been the favorite—are usually two or three years old when planted. They should not be cut either the first or second year, and only sparingly the third. After that, if the bed be properly made and of generous size, the crops will be steady and abundant. For the average family a bed fifty feet long and four feet wide will be large enough. The crab-like roots spread wide and grow deep, and therefore the subsoil must be disturbed and broken up, and thorough drainage provided. But all the books give full directions in regard to this most delicious vegetable. Don't be persuaded by any friend that you can take too much pains with your asparagus bed in the first instance.

If one does not have a hot-bed—and a beginner will do very well not to attempt one the first season—the first plantings in the open ground for early vegetables are green pease and potatoes. Both of these can be planted as soon in the spring as the earth is ready to be worked. The small and early varieties of pease are not of much account for table purposes, but every amateur likes to have them. They mature quickly, and he soon has some fruit for his labor. There is an idea in the country that pease should be sown very deeply, else they will not bear well. This may be true of late crops which come to maturity in midsummer, for then the roots of the vines must be protected from the heat of the sun; but for the small early pea there is no reason why it should be made to do any great amount of work before it shows its head aboveground. There is a general rule about planting seed which applies also to pease. The seed should be covered with earth equal to four times the diameter of the seed. One of the greatest bothers of pea-culture is to find and place the necessary brush on which the vines are to grow. In some places it is impossible to get this brush. For such places a trellis has been designed, and these can be used year after year. They are expensive, however, and awkward. Last season I designed and made a trellis of my own. I planted the pease in rows twelve inches apart. When they were up and had been once hoed, I drove heavy stakes ten feet apart between the rows, and tacked to these light wire netting. Upon this netting the vines grew and flourished, and the pease could be picked from either side. One of the neighbors insisted that the wire netting would get hot from the sun and scorch the vines, but he was a false prophet. Pease should be sown as soon as possible, usually the end of March in the latitude of New York, and thereafter for succession every ten or fifteen days till the middle of June.

Potatoes should also be planted early, and there is not a particle of sense in piling six inches of earth on top of the seed. The potato can be more deeply buried as the weather gets warmer, and before the tubers are in danger of becoming burned by the sun. The potato has become an article of the first necessity upon every table. Considering its importance, it is remarkable that farmers and gardeners generally should get such a small yield. I am persuaded that six or eight hundred bushels per acre can be grown by the exercise of intelligence almost as easily as one or two hundred. But the amateur gardener is not interested in such a question. What he wants to do is to have new potatoes on his table as early as possible in the summer-time. To accomplish this he should plant early in a sheltered part of his garden, and not cover his seed pieces more than two inches, sprinkling over the row, after the seed is covered, a liberal quantity of one of the high-grade commercial fertilizers recommended by the manufacturer as especially mixed for potato-culture.

But the books are full of information upon all these points, and the object of these articles is not to give information as to special vegetables or methods of culture, but to encourage amateurs in the belief that there is really nothing required for success in gardening except good hard common-sense and a willingness to work. There are no worse gardeners in the world than the American farmers, and if an amateur happens to live in an agricultural community he will be contemptuously laughed at if he attempt to do anything out of the common in a horticultural way. If he have any zeal, however, he can afford to be indifferent to such scornful merriment. The book men are at this time where they always should have been—very far ahead of the practical farmer. They are leading the way and blazing out the track. The farmers are joining the procession very slowly, but they will have to fall in after a while. Let any amateur look at the average farmer's kitchen-garden, and he will never after care anything for the farmer's criticism.

The amateur should never forget in his garden that he must be ever vigilant and alert against enemies, which never stop their fight for complete control of all the beds. The noxious weed and the ravenous insect know no rest, and pay no attention to any mild remonstrance. Nothing stops them but complete extermination. One of the greatest fascinations to the real amateur is this never-ending battle against the power of evil. It gives a zest to the employment akin to that of the hunter in pursuit of large and savage game. He must kill or be killed.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE GHOST CLUB.

(*Continued from page 273.*)

which had departed from my cheeks by constant application to such pleasures as New York affords. Two days after my arrival, I set out for an airing at Coney Island, leaving my hotel at four in the afternoon. On my way down Broadway I was suddenly startled at hearing my name spoken from behind me, and appalled, on turning, to see standing with outstretched hands no less a person than my defunct chum, Hawley Hicks."

"Impossible," said I.

"Exactly my remark," returned Number 5010. "To which I added, 'Hawley Hicks, it can't be you!'

"'But it is me,' he replied.

"And then I was convinced, for Hawley never was good on his grammar. I looked at him a minute, and then I said, 'But, Hawley, I thought you were dead.'

"'I am,' he answered. 'But why should a little thing like that stand between friends?'

"'It shouldn't, Hawley,' I answered, meekly; 'but it's condemnedly unusual, you know, for a man to associate even with his best friends fifteen years after they've died and been buried.'

"'Do you mean to say, Austin, that just because I was weak enough once to succumb to a bad cold that you, the dearest friend of my youth, the closest companion of my school days, the partner of my childish joys, intend to go back on me here in a strange city?'

"'Hawley,' I answered, huskily, 'not a bit of it. My letter of credit, my room at the hotel, my dress suit, even my ticket to Coney Island are at your disposal; but I think the partner of your childish joys ought first to be let in on the ground-floor of this enterprise, and informed how the deuce you manage to turn up in New York fifteen years subsequent to your obsequies. Is New York the hereafter for boys of your kind, or is this some freak of my imagination?'"

"That was an eminently proper question," I put in, just to show that while the story I was hearing terrified me, I was not altogether speechless.

"It was, indeed," said 5010; "and Hawley recognized it as such, for he replied at once:

"'Neither,' said he. 'Your imagination is all right, and New York is neither heaven nor the other place. The fact is, I'm spooking, and I can tell you, Austin, it's just about the finest kind of work there is. If you could manage to shuffle off your mortal coil and get in with a lot of ghosts, the way I have, you'd be playing in great luck.'

"'Thanks for the hint, Hawley,' I said, with a grateful smile; 'but, to tell you the truth, I do not find that life is entirely bad. I get my three meals a day, keep my pocket full of coin, and sleep eight hours every night on a couch that couldn't be more desirable if it were studded with jewels and had mineral springs.'

"'That's your mortal ignorance, Austin,' he retorted. 'I lived long enough to appreciate the necessity of being ignorant, but your style of existence is really not to be mentioned in the same cycle with mine. You talk about three meals a day, as if that were an ideal; you forget that with the eating your labor is just begun; those meals have to be digested, every one of 'em, and if you could only understand it, it would appall you to see what a fearful wear and tear that act of digestion is. In my life you are feasting all the time, but with no need for digestion. You speak of money in your pockets; well, I have none, yet am I the richer of the two. I don't need money. The world is mine. If I chose to, I could pour the contents of that jeweller's window into your lap in five seconds, but *cui bono?* The gems delight my eye quite as well where they are; and as for travel, Austin, of which you have always been fond, the spectral method beats all. Just watch me!'

"I watched him as well as I could for a minute," said 5010, "and then he disappeared. In another minute he was before me again.

"'Well,' I said, 'I suppose you've been around the block in that time, eh?'

"He roared with laughter. 'Around the block?' he ejaculated. 'I have done the Continent of Europe, taken a run through China, haunted the Emperor of Japan, and sailed around the Horn since I left you a minute ago.'

"He was a truthful boy in spite of his peculiarities, Hawley was," said Surrennes, quietly, "so I had to believe what he said. He abhorred lies."

"That was pretty fast travelling, though," said I. "He'd make a fine messenger-boy."

"That's so. I wish I'd suggested it to him," smiled my host. "But I can tell you, sir, I was astonished. 'Hawley,' I said, 'you always were a fast youth, but I never thought you would develop into this. I wonder you're not out of breath after such a journey.'

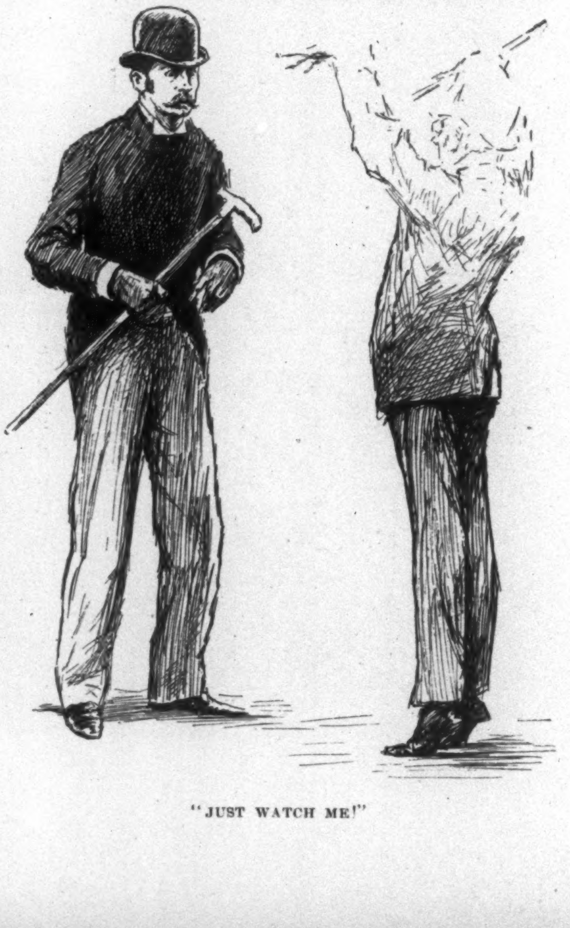
"'Another point, my dear Austin, in favor of my mode of existence. We spooks have no breath to begin with. Consequently, to get out of it is no deprivation. But, I say,' he added, 'whither are you bound?'

"'To Coney Island to see the sights,' I replied. 'Won't you join me?'

"'Not I,' he replied. 'Coney Island is tame. When I first joined the spectre band, it seemed to me that nothing could delight me more than an eternal round of gayety like that, but, Austin, I have changed. I have developed a good deal since you and I were parted at the grave.'

"'I should say you had,' I answered. 'I doubt if many of your old friends would know you.'

"'You seem to have had difficulty in so doing yourself, Austin,' he replied, regretfully; 'but see here, old chap, give up Coney Island and spend the evening with me at the club. You'll have a good time, I can assure you.'



"JUST WATCH ME!"

"'The club?' I said. 'You don't mean to say you visions have a club?'

"'I do indeed; the Ghost Club is the most flourishing association of choice spirits in the world. We have rooms in every city in creation; and the finest part of it is there are no dues to be paid. The membership list holds some of the finest names in history—Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Napoleon Bonaparte, Cæsar, George Washington, Mozart, Frederick the Great, Marc Antony—Cassius was black-balled on Cæsar's account—Galileo, Confucius.'

"'You admit the Chinese, eh?' I queried.

"'Not always,' he replied. 'But Con was such a good fellow they hadn't the heart to keep him out; but, you see, Austin, what a lot of fine fellows there are in it.'

"'Yes, it's a magnificent list, and I should say they made a pretty interesting set of fellows to hear talk,' I put in.

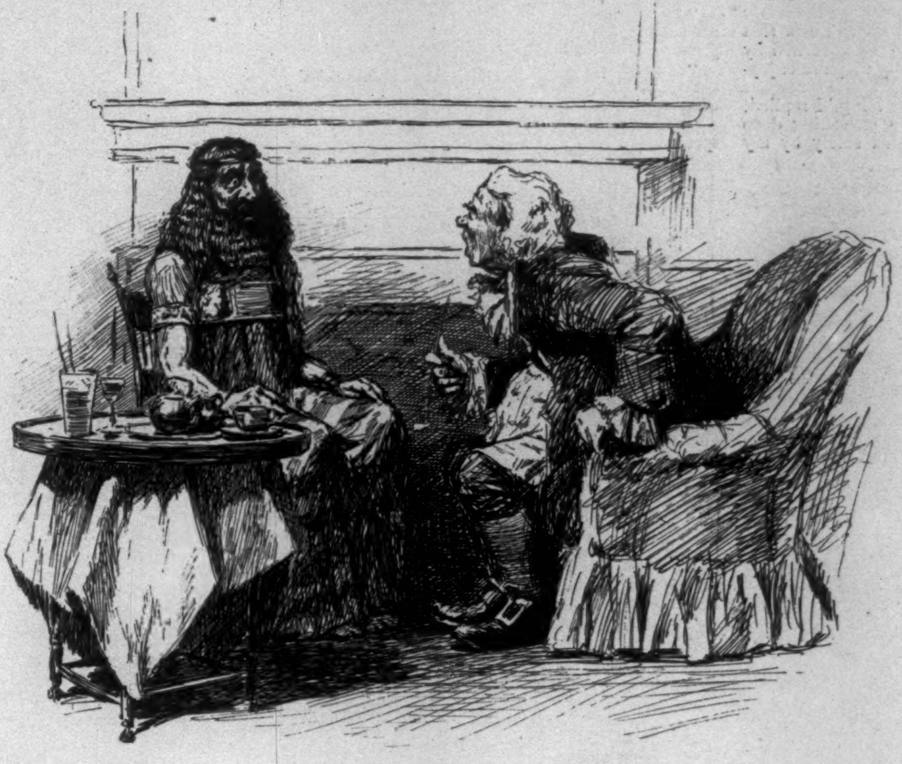
"'Well, rather,' Hawley replied. 'I wish you could have heard a debate between Shakespeare and Cæsar on the resolution, "The Pen is mightier than the Sword"; it was immense.'

"'I should think it might have been,' I said. 'Which won?'

"'The sword crowd. They were the best fighters; though on the merits of the argument Shakespeare was way ahead.'

"'If I thought I'd stand a chance of seeing spooks like that, I think I'd give up Coney Island and go with you,' I said.

"'Well,' replied Hawley, 'that's just the kind of a chance you do stand. They'll all be there to-night, and as this is ladies' day, you might meet Lucretia Borgia, Cleopatra, and a few other feminine apparitions of considerable note.'



SOLOMON AND DOCTOR JOHNSON.

"'That settles it. I am yours for the rest of the day,' I said, and so we adjourned to the rooms of the Ghost Club.

"These rooms were in a beautiful house on Fifth Avenue; the number of the house you will find on consulting the court records, for I have forgotten it. It was a large, broad, brownstone structure, and must have been over one hundred and fifty feet in depth. Such fittings I never saw before; everything was in the height of luxury, and I am quite certain that among beings to whom money is a measure of possibility no such magnificence is attainable. The paintings on the walls were by the most famous artists of our own and other days. The rugs on the superbly polished floors were worth fortunes, not only for their exquisite beauty, but also for their extreme rarity. In keeping with these were the furniture and bric-à-brac. In short, my dear sir, I had never dreamed of anything so dazzlingly, so superbly magnificent as that apartment into which I was ushered by the ghost of my quondam friend Hawley Hicks.

"At first I was speechless with wonder, which seemed to amuse Hicks very much."

"'Pretty fine, eh?' he said, with a short laugh.

"'Well,' I replied, in a moment, 'considering that you can get along without money, and that all the resources of the world are at your disposal, it is not more than half bad. Have you a library?'

"I was always fond of books," explained 5010 in parenthesis to me, "and so was quite anxious to see what the club of ghosts could show in the way of literary treasures. Imagine my surprise when Hawley informed me that the club had no collection of the sort to appeal to the bibliophilist."

"'No,' he answered, 'we have no library.'

"'Rather strange,' I said, 'that a club to which men like Shakespeare, Milton, Edgar Allan Poe, and other deceased literati belong should be deficient in that respect.'

"'Not at all,' said he. 'Why should we want books when we have the men themselves to tell their tales to us? Would you give a rap to possess a set of Shakespeare if William himself would sit down and rattle off the whole business to you any time you chose to ask him to do it? Would you follow Scott's printed narratives through their devious and tedious periods if Sir Walter in spirit would come to you on demand, and tell you all the old stories over again in a tenth part of the time it would take you to read the introduction to one of them?'

"'I fancy not,' I said. 'Are you in such luck?'

"'I am,' said Hawley; 'only personally I never send for Scott or Shakespeare. I prefer something lighter than either—Douglas Jerrold or Marryat. But best of all, I like to sit down and hear Noah swap animal stories with Davy Crockett. Noah's the brightest man of his age in the club. Adam's kind of slow.'

"'How about Solomon?' I asked, more to be flippant than with any desire for information. I was much amused to hear Hawley speak of these great spirits as if he and they were chums of long standing.

"'Solomon has resigned from the club,' he said, with a sad sigh. 'He was a good fellow, Solomon was, but he thought he knew it all until old Doctor Johnson got hold of him, and then he knuckled under. It's rather rough for a man to get firmly established in his belief that he is the wisest creature going, and then, after a couple of thousand years, have an Englishman come along and tell him things he never knew before, especially the way Sam Johnson delivered himself of his opinions. Johnson never cared whom he hurt, you know, and when he got after Solomon, he did it with all his might.'"

"I wonder if Boswell was there?" I ventured, interrupting 5010 in his extraordinary narrative for an instant.

"Yes, he was there," returned the prisoner. "I met him later in the evening; but he isn't the spook he might be. He never had much spirit, anyhow, and when he died, he had to leave his nose behind him, and that settled him."

"Of course," I answered. "Boswell with no nose to stick into other people's affairs would have been like *Othello* with Desdemona left out. But go on. What did you do next?"

"Well," 5010 resumed, "after I'd looked about me, and drunk my fill of the magnificence on every hand, Hawley took me into the music-room, and introduced me to Mozart and Wagner and a few other great composers. In response to my request, Wagner played an impromptu version of 'Annie Rooney' on the organ. It was great; not much like 'Annie Rooney,' of course; more like a collision between a cyclone and a simoom in a tin-plate mining camp, in fact, but, nevertheless, marvellous. I tried to remember it afterwards, and jotted down a few notes, but I found the first bar took up seven sheets of fool's-cap, and so gave it up. Then Mozart tried his hand on a banjo for my amusement, Mendelssohn sang a half-dozen of his songs without words, and then Gottschalk played one of Poe's weird stories on the piano.

"Then Carlyle came in, and Hawley introduced me to him. He was a gruff old gentleman, and seemingly anxious to have Froude become an eligible, and I judged from the rather fierce manner in which he handled a club he had in his hand that there were one or two other men of prominence still living he was anxious to meet. Dickens, too, was desirous of a two-minute interview with certain of his at present purely mortal critics; and, between you and me, if the wink that Bacon gave Shakespeare when I spoke of Ignatius Donnelly meant anything, the famous cryptogrammarian will do well to drink a bottle of the elixir of life every morning before breakfast, and stave off dissolution as long as he can. There's no getting around the fact, sir," Surrennes added, with a significant shake of the head, "that the present leaders of literary thought with critical tendencies are going to have the hardest kind of a time when they cross the river and apply for admission to the Ghost Club. *I* don't ask for any better fun than that of watching from a safe distance the initiation ceremonies of the next dozen who go over. And as an Englishman, sir, who thoroughly believes in and admires Lord Wolseley, if I were out of jail and able to do it, I'd write him a letter, and warn him that he would better revise his estimates of certain famous soldiers no longer living if he desires to find rest in that mysterious other world whither he must eventually betake himself. They've got their swords sharpened for him, and he'll discover an instance when he gets over there in which the sword is mightier than the pen.

"After that, Hawley took me up stairs and introduced me to the spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte, with whom I passed about twenty-five minutes talking over his victories and defeats. He told me he never could understand how a man like Wellington came to defeat him at Waterloo, and added that he had sounded the Iron Duke on the subject, and found him equally ignorant.

"So the afternoon and evening passed. I met quite a number of famous ladies—Catherine, Marie Louise, Josephine, Queen Elizabeth, and others. Talked architecture with Queen Anne, and was surprised to learn that she never saw a Queen Anne cottage. I took Peg Woffington down to supper, and altogether had a fine time of it."

"But, my dear Surrennes," I put in at this point, "I fail to see what this has to do with your defence in your trial for stealing spoons."

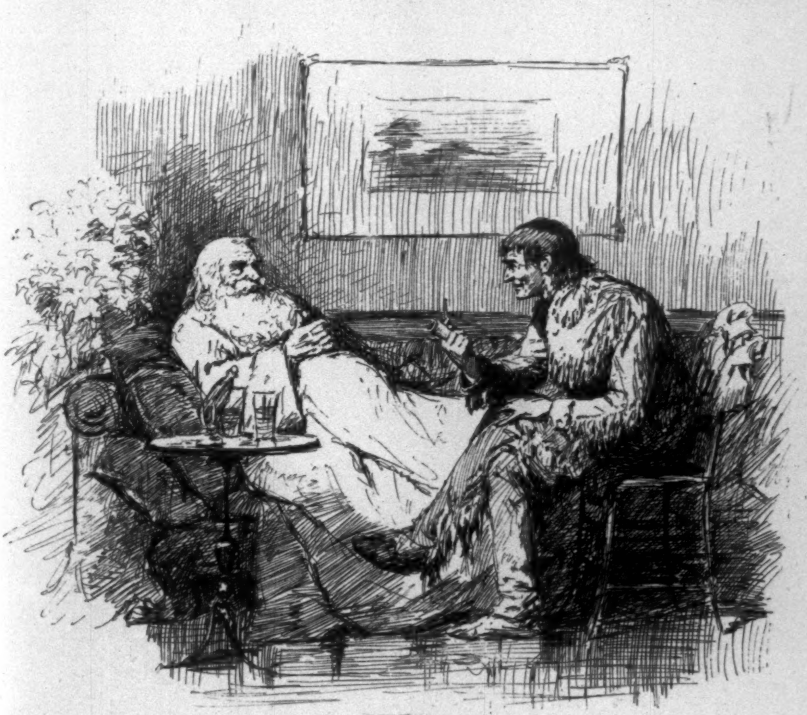
"I am coming to that," said 5010, sadly. "I dwell on the moments passed at the club because they were the happiest of my life, and am loath to speak of what followed, but I suppose I must. It was all due to Queen Isabella that I got into trouble. Peg Woffington presented me to Queen Isabella in the supper-room, and while her Majesty and I were talking, I spoke of how beautiful everything in the club was, and admired especially a half-dozen old Spanish spoons upon the side-board. When I had done this, the Queen called to Ferdinand, who was chatting with Columbus on the other side of the room, to come to her, which he did with alacrity. I was presented to the King, and then my troubles began.

"'Mr. Surrennes admires our spoons, Ferdinand,' said the Queen.

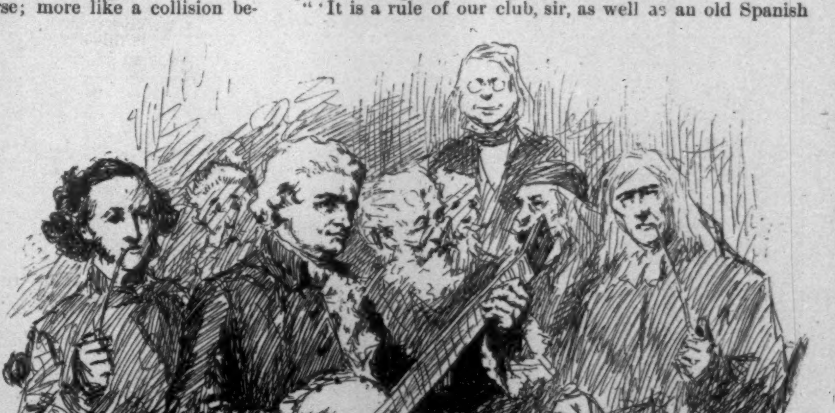
"The King smiled, and turning to me observed, 'Sir, they are yours. Er—waiter, just do these spoons up and give them to Mr. Surrennes.'

"Of course," said 5010, "I protested against this; whereupon the King looked displeased.

"'It is a rule of our club, sir, as well as an old Spanish



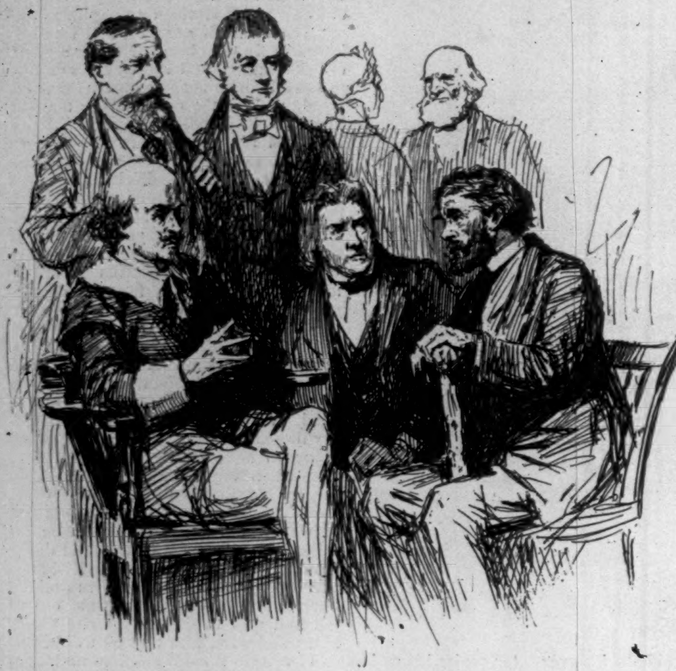
NOAH AND DAVY CROCKETT.



MOZART TRIES HIS HAND ON THE BANJO.

custom, for us to present to our guests anything that they may happen openly to admire. You are surely sufficiently well acquainted with the etiquette of club life to know that guests may not with propriety decline to be governed by the regulations of the club whose hospitality they are enjoying.’

“‘I certainly am aware of that, my dear King,’ I replied, ‘and of course I accept the spoons with exceeding deep gratitude. My remonstrance was prompted solely by my desire to explain to you that I was unaware of any such regulation, and to assure you that when I ventured to inform your good wife that the spoons had excited my sincerest admiration, I was not hinting that it would please me greatly to be accounted their possessor.’



“‘Your courtly speech, sir,’ returned the King, with a low bow, ‘is ample assurance of your sincerity, and I beg that you will put the spoons in your pocket and say no more. They are yours. *Verb. sap.*’

“I thanked the great Spaniard and said no more, pocketing the spoons with no little exultation, because, having always been a lover of the quaint and beautiful, I was glad to possess such treasures, though I must confess to some misgivings as to the possibility of their being unreal. Shortly after this episode, I looked at my watch and discovered that it was getting well on toward eleven o'clock, and I sought out Hawley for the purpose of thanking him for a delightful evening and of taking my leave. I met him in the hall talking to Euripides on the subject of the amateur stage in the United States. What they said I did not stop to hear, but offering my hand to Hawley informed him of my intention to depart.

“‘Well, old chap,’ he said, affectionately, ‘I'm glad you came. It's always a pleasure to see you, and I hope we may meet again some time soon.’ And then, catching sight of my bundle, he asked, ‘What have you there?’

“I informed him of the episode in the supper-room, and fancied I perceived a look of annoyance on his countenance.

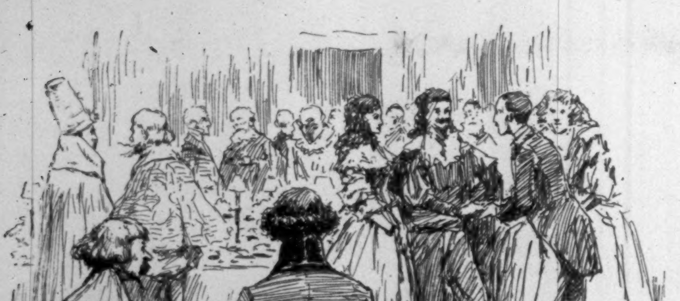
“‘I didn't want to take them, Hawley,’ I said; ‘but Ferdinand insisted.’

“‘Oh, it's all right!’ returned Hawley. ‘Only I'm sorry! You'd better get along home with them as quickly as you can and say nothing; and, above all, don't try to sell them.’

“‘But why?’ I asked. ‘I'd much prefer to leave them here if there is any question of the propriety of my—’

“Here,” continued 5010, “Hawley seemed to grow impatient, for he stamped his foot angrily, and bade me go at once or there might be trouble. I proceeded to obey him, and left the house instanter, slamming the door somewhat angrily behind me. Hawley's unceremonious way of speeding his parting-guest did not seem to me to be exactly what I had a right to expect at the time. I see now what his object was, and acquit him of any intention to be rude, though I must say if I ever catch him again, I'll wring an explanation from him for having introduced me into such bad company.

“As I walked down the steps,” said 5010, “the chimes of the neighboring church were clanging out the hour of eleven. I stopped on the last step to look for a possible hansom-cab, when a portly gentleman accompanied by a lady started to mount the stoop. The man eyed me narrowly, and, sending the lady up the steps, turned to me and said,



THE GIFT OF THE SPOONS.

“‘What are you doing here?’

“‘I've just left the club,’ I answered. ‘It's all right. I was Hawley Hicks's guest. Whose ghost are you?’

“‘What the deuce are you talking about?’ he asked, rather gruffly, much to my surprise and discomfort.

“‘I tried to give you a civil answer to your question,’ I returned, indignantly.

“‘I guess you're crazy—or a thief,’ he rejoined.

“‘See here, friend,’ I put in, rather impressively, ‘just remember one thing. You are talking to a gentleman, and I don't take remarks of that sort from anybody, spook or otherwise. I don't care if you are the ghost of the Emperor Nero, if you give me any more of your impudence I'll dissipate you to the four quarters of the universe—see!’

“Then he grabbed me and yelled for the police, and I was painfully surprised to find that instead of coping with a mysterious being from another world, I had two hundred and ten pounds of flesh and blood to handle. The populace began to gather. The million and a half of small boys—mostly street gamins, owing to the lateness of the hour—sprang up from all about us. Hansom-cab drivers, attracted by the noise of our altercation, drew up to the sidewalk to watch developments, and then, after the usual fifteen or twenty minutes, the blue-coat emissary of justice appeared.

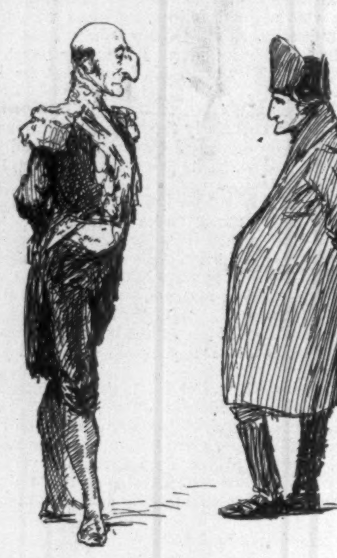
“‘Phat's dthis?’ he asked.

“‘I have detected this man leaving my house in a suspicious manner,’ said my adversary. ‘I have reason to suspect him of thieving.’

“‘*Your* house!’ I ejaculated, with fine scorn. ‘I've got you there; this is the house of the New York Branch of the Ghost Club. If you want it proved,’ I added, turning to the policeman, ‘ring the bell, and ask.’

“‘Oi t'ink dthat's a fair prophosition,’ observed the policeman. ‘Is the motion siconded?’

“‘Oh, come now,’ cried my captor. ‘Stop this nonsense, or I'll report you to the department. This is my house, and has been for twenty years. I want this man searched.’



“‘Oi hov no warrant permithin’ me to invistigate the contints ov dthe gintlemon's clothes,’ returned the intelligent member of the force. ‘But av yez 'll take yer solemn alibi dthat yez hov rayson t' belave the gintlemon has worked ony habeas corpush business on yure propherty, oi'll jug dthe blagyard.’

“‘I'll be responsible,’ said the alleged owner of the house. ‘Take him to the station.’

“‘I refuse to move,’ I said.

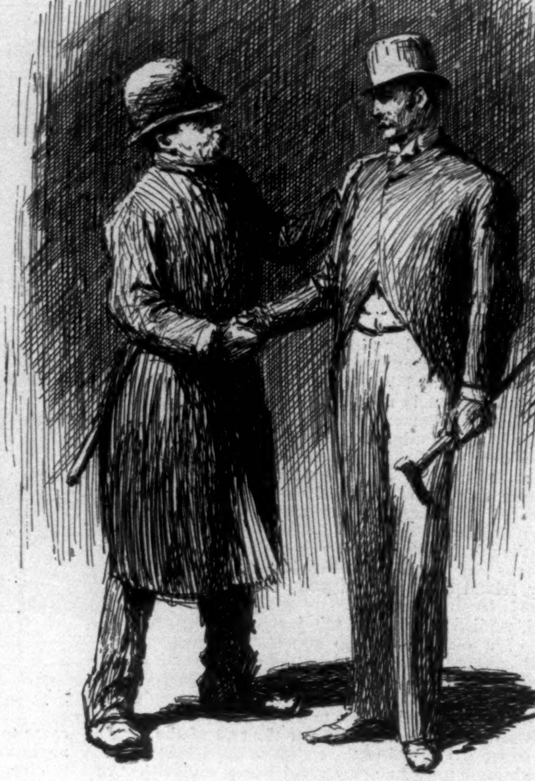
“‘Oi'll not carry yez,’ said the policeman, ‘and oi'd advoise ye to furnish yure own locomotion. Av ye don't, oi'll use me club. Dthot's the ounly waa yez can git dthe ambulanch.’

“‘Oh, well, if you insist,’ I replied, ‘of course I'll go. I have nothing to fear.’

“You see,” added 5010 to me, in parenthesis, “the thought suddenly flashed across my mind that if all was as my captor said, if the house was really his and not the Ghost Club, and if the whole thing was only my fancy, the spoons themselves would turn out to be entirely fanciful; so I was all right—or at least I thought I was. So we trotted along to the police station. On the way I told the policeman the whole story, which impressed him so that he crossed himself a half-dozen times, and uttered numerous ejaculatory prayers—‘Maa dthe shaints phresarve us,’ and ‘Hivin hov mershy,’ and others of a like import.

“‘Waz dthe ghosht av Dan O'Connell there?’ he asked.

“‘Yes,’ I replied. ‘I shook hands with it.’



“LET ME SHAAK DTHOT HAND.”

“‘Let me shaak dthot hand,’ he said, his voice trembling with emotion, and then he whispered in my ear, ‘Oi belave yez to be innoshunt; but av yez ain't, for the love of Dan, oi'll let yez *esh*cape.’

“‘Thanks, old fellow,’ I replied. ‘But I am innocent of wrong-doing, as I can prove.’

“Alas!” sighed the convict, “it was not to be so. When I arrived at the station-house, I was dumfounded to find that the spoons were all too real. I told my story to the sergeant, and pointed to the monogram, ‘G.C.,’ on the spoons as evidence that my story was correct; but even that told against me, for the alleged owner's initials were G. C.—his name I withhold—and the monogram only served to substantiate his claim to the spoons. Worst of all, he claimed that he had been robbed on several occasions before this, and by midnight I found myself locked up in a dirty cell to await trial.

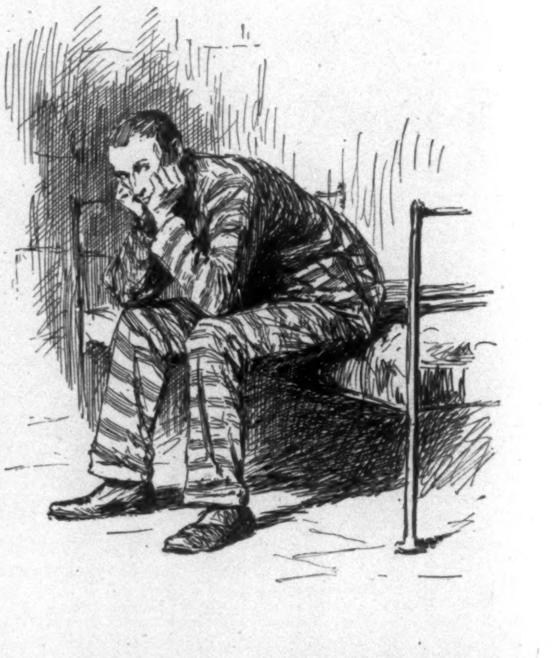
“I got a lawyer, and, as I said before, even he declined to believe my story, and suggested the insanity dodge. Of course I wouldn't agree to that. I tried to get him to subpœna Ferdinand and Isabella and Euripides and Hawley Hicks in my behalf, and all he'd do was to sit there and shake his head at me. Then I suggested going up to the Metropolitan Opera-house some fearful night as the clock struck twelve, and try to serve papers on Wagner's spook—all of which he treated as unworthy of a moment's consideration. Then I was tried, convicted, and sentenced to live in this beastly hole, but I have one strong hope to buoy me up, and if that is realized, I'll be free to-morrow morning.”

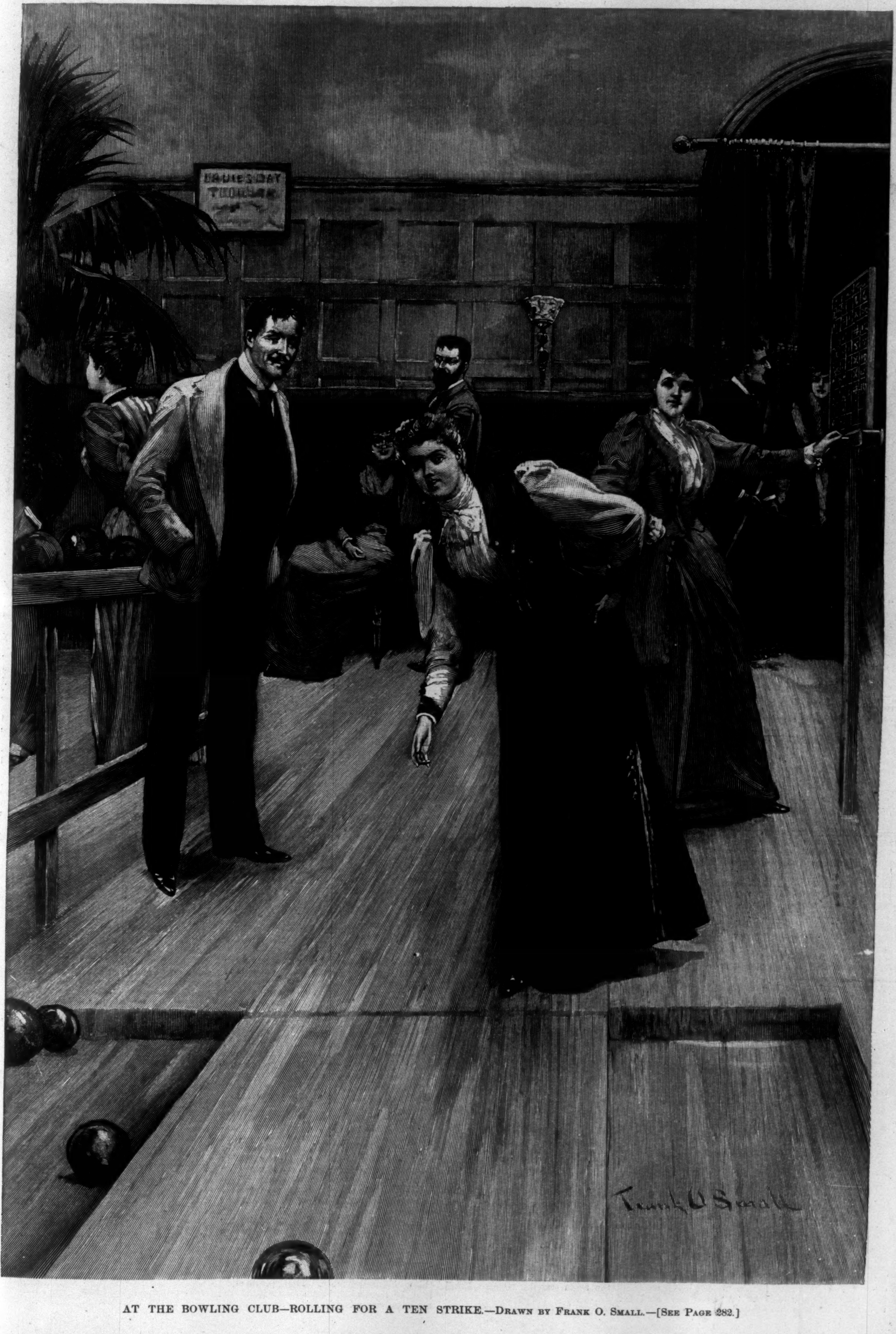
“What is that?” I asked.

“Why,” he answered, with a sigh, as the bell rang summoning him to his supper—“why, the whole beastly business has been so weird and uncanny that I'm beginning to believe it's all a dream. If it is, why, I'll wake up, and find myself at home in bed; that's all. I've clung to that hope for nearly a year now, but it's getting weaker every minute.”

“Yes, 5010,” I answered, rising and shaking him by the hand in parting; “that's a mighty forlorn hope, because I'm pretty wide awake myself at this moment, and can't be a part of your dream. The great pity is you didn't try the insanity dodge.”

“Tut!” he answered. “That is the last resource of a weak mind.”




LADIES DAY
Frank O Small

AT THE BOWLING CLUB—ROLLING FOR A TEN STRIKE.—Drawn by Frank O. Small.—[See Page 282.]

BOWLING FOR A TEN STRIKE.

Bowling, like tennis, has become a fad; in fact, it replaces that game when the days grow short and chill and the leaves litter the fast-disappearing greensward. As a usual thing our sports are handed down to us by our Anglican forefathers; they do not last as long with us, however, as they do with the Briton. We are a people of change and variety. An extension of country life brings a necessity for attendant amusements.

The bowling-alley probably came here with our Dutch and German settlers. It is essentially a German game, and no German inn, no matter how unfortunate, is without its *Kegelbahn.* With us bowling clubs are a great winter entertainment; this will always be the case with any game where ladies can take a hand. Indeed, many of them are most expert players, and as they always enter heart and soul into the spirit of the contest, their presence usually enlivens what otherwise might prove a stupid game. A "strike" or a "spare" is received by a clapping of hands or a demure acquiescence in "how great I am!" As a matter of physical exercise, it is a superb tonic. If the wrist be weak, or there is a kink in one's back, two or three games in the "alley" will make one painfully aware of one's physical shortcomings. It takes an uncommonly keen eye and steady nerve to be a really good player. Now that it has become such a fashionable sport, great care has been taken in laying out the alleys, in turning the balls, and shaping the pins. In the old-fashioned alleys usually found annexed to the country hotel, the track reminds one of the Switchback; the balls are warped or cracked, and the pins are of many shapes and sizes, and sometimes gnawed by unsympathizing rats.

Scoring is one of the fine arts of the bowling-alley. The little blackboard with its array of figures is constantly scanned by the players to see who pays for the cigars, the supper, or the theatre tickets. Bowling clubs form an important feature of the winter season; matches are arranged, prizes contended for, and the sport generally conduces to a more perfect *entente cordiale* between the sexes, and, above all, furnishes a harmless, healthful, and invigorating sport, wherein ladies and gentlemen can commingle for amusement and recreation.

GOLD-HEELED SHOES.

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

"A million a minute! Gold heels on my shoes!" A tall spare woman bobbed up from the blueberry patch and looked around half guiltily, then drew a reassured breath, for no one was within ear-shot. "True as I stand here," she said, addressing a mingled multitude of ferns, rocks, and berry bushes, "some day I'll do it. And when I'm worth a million a minute, I'll have gold heels to my shoes."

She shut her lips tightly, defying more thoughts to escape: but even then the line of her mouth was pleasant. She knelt and industriously stripped the low bushes, holding her pail beneath with an experienced hand to catch the dropping berries. She had fifteen quarts to deliver at sunset, and the terms of her contract left no time for monologue.

This was Abby—"Miss" Abby to the children, "Aunt" Abby among the sick, simply Abby to ordinary adults. People did not trouble themselves about her surname. They did not even think much about her, but accepted her as their just due from a friendly Providence. Children discovered her living in a little house in the edge of Pomfret, and spoke of Miss Abby as an acquisition. Then some sick man, yearning for herb remedies, was gratified by her, and thereafter declared Aunt Abby had saved his life. The wise—those who moiled with an eye single to the inrolling dollar—began by mistrusting her sincerity, and ended by questioning her mental balance. They did not perceive how one could live by works non-resultant in a stipulated wage.

Abby moved towards a competency as steadfastly as did the wise, but by a different path, pleasanter and as direct. There were happy, kindly faces along her way. And if they did not always comprehend her, they at least nodded and smiled encouragingly as she passed. To such a one, brightening some dark turn of the path, she would say:

"You wait till I get my gold-heeled shoes. Then I can smile for you."

"Real gold, Abby?" inquired the practical one.

"Yes, indeed. Why not? When you're worth a million a minute, you can do that sort of thing."

At sunset she walked, fatigued, to the village store, and delivered the berries.

"And here's your pay," said the storekeeper. "Eight cents a quart, fifteen quarts, dollar twenty. What you going to do with so much money, Abby?" with an expectant oblique glance for the benefit of some dozen loungers.

"It all goes towards those gold-heeled shoes," said Abby, cheerily. Then the loungers followed the storekeeper in a laugh.

"Abby's all right," said he, after she went out. "You don't have to measure her berries. But she's a little queer. A fellow has to laugh at her now and again."

Abby ploughed her way home along the dusty July road. "One twenty, one twenty," she repeated. "There's a day's work for you. There's another peg in your gold-heeled shoes. They're coming, coming."

She invigorated herself, mind and body, by this alchemic formula. "Gold-heeled shoes" to the storekeeper and his ilk was a vagary for their diversion. To Abby the words were mere quantitative signs.

The widow Barker, with her wayward son Jim, were Abby's nearest neighbors. Barker *père* had served in the navy. After his death a small pension came regularly, affording the widow a meagre living. It was her sole support, for Jim was a thorn. Upright mothers quoted him to children as a warning. He even pricked Abby, until she was half minded to report his lapses to his mother, when she would fall in a temper, and rate herself roundly.

"Gold shoes, indeed! I don't deserve leather! As if that woman didn't have trouble enough without its being piled on free! Providence has been too good to me; there's nobody to mourn over; nobody to worry over. A little cross like this will do me good."

Abby had intended to stop for a moment's chat with the widow, but the house appeared deserted, and she passed on.

"It's pension day," she thought. "I know where she is. Upstairs crying for him that's gone. Blue—blue as she can be. H'm! I'm blessed that my past don't sorrow me, nor my future either. There it is now! Million a minute! Gold-heeled shoes! Keep it up!"

Abby spoke of wealth with rich exaggeration. Her ideal independence was simply freedom from debt. She had one desire that ruled her life—and that, to possess a home. The knowledge that her landlord might, on a lapse in payment, turn her out, rode her as a sense of inferiority. Her material standing seemed as insecure as her credit. But to own the ground she walked on, that was to wear gold-heeled shoes. Every step left the impress of wealth's equality. All her efforts, then, were directed to the reduction of the insufferable mortgage that threatened her home.

She labored hard in every channel known to single countrywomen. She picked and sold berries. She gathered and cured sweet-flag. She had a patch of garden with many herbs in it, and others she gathered wild and dried in bunches for the druggists and medicine-makers. She stitched boots when that seldom work offered. She knit and sewed. She did not know an idle moment the year around.

By years of patient toil Abby had reduced the amount of the mortgage to one hundred dollars. And one night, when she looked at her bank-book and counted the day's receipts, she found enough to cancel the debt. It was a matter of verification only, for she knew to a cent the state of her finances.

Pardonably she wept a little that her work was accomplished. The goal was reached she had set, and beyond which she had not before looked. Now she was brought face to face with blankness. Whither should she wander through it, and what should she strive for? She asked herself these questions, for it was borne in upon her that the old desire was a thing of the past, being gratified, and that she must discover a new one. Through anticipation, her hope had mirrored brightly, but now she found its reverse side dull; and with the disappointment mingled a bitter surprise that it was so.

The widow broke in upon this conjured-up sadness with real living sorrow of her own. She was crying, and all Abby's heart-tenderness went out to her at once, for the widow was a proud little woman, and had kept her griefs at home until now, fairly driven for consolation to Abby's kindly arms. And there she lay and sobbed her story—how Jim had been placed under bonds and had broken them, and could not pay and must go away to some prison. Little by little she laid bare the trial of desolate years, and Abby listened sympathetically.

"Jim could get away," said the widow, "he would go into the navy, as his father did. Jim always wanted to, but I couldn't let him go; he is all I have. He can do nothing else, and I would not let him go. I was so selfish—I kept him against his leaning—and now he must go to prison. It's a judgment on me."

And Abby consoled her distress and lulled her to rest as gently as she would a grieving child.

The next day Abby strode down the white road to the village, and drew all her money from the bank. The cashier joked her upon extravagance.

"Going to buy gold-heeled shoes now, Abby?"

She looked up smiling. "Yes, my gold-heeled shoes. Took a long time to pay for them, didn't it?"

"I wish we might all get them if it would make us look as happy as you do now," said he.

Abby marched from the bank into the presence of the town officials sitting on Jim Barker's case. The constable was there, ready to conduct him to the State reformatory.

"What will it cost to get Jim off?" she demanded.

"One hundred dollars," said the clerk.

Abby counted the amount on the table, while all the room stared. "Come, Jim," said she.

Jim came from his constable-guarded corner, and followed her out. He was amazed. His malodorous career had not brought him many acts of kindness at the towns-people's hands. "What does this mean, Miss Abby?" he said, huskily.

She smiled at him reassuringly. "Just this, Jim—gold-heeled shoes. And, Jim, go home now, and say good-by to your mother. Then be a good sailor—and a man."

Quickly he stood bareheaded. "Before God, I'll try," he said.

That night the widow again lay in Abby's arms. "Jim's gone; he told me all," she whispered. "How could you? Abby, Abby, here I've lived beside you for years, and I never knew you."

"I haven't changed a speck," said Abby, in affected grimness, her face turned away.

"Abby, don't turn away; you've saved Jim. You've saved me. And think what it cost! Oh, Abby, your gold-heeled shoes!"

"There, don't mind. Leather is good enough the rest of the way."

"I can never pay you back, Abby, but while I have a crust— Oh, Abby, I can't tell you all I think," she cried, for the event bore a poetic fancy into her plain-furnished mind. "But I do believe your gold-heeled shoes are laying up for you to walk the streets of paradise."

RETAINERS.

A CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION.

We lawyers especially delight in retainers, that is, money paid to us when we accept an employment, and before we render any actual services or do any work. They are peculiar to our profession. The doctors and ministers know nothing about them. The ministers come the nearest to them in the allowance sometimes made for moving expenses when they accept a call to a new field of labor which was meant to be a loud call.

The retainer generally comes only in cases of great importance, where there is sure to be much study and work.

Not long ago a legal friend told me of an incident in his career, which I repeat as preliminary to one of my own, which, although it has always been a mystery to me, yet comes up to memory now and then as a matter of very agreeable retrospect.

His story was of two travelling salesmen who had entered into a contract for a division of their commissions. They lived in the East, but accidentally met at a hotel in our Western city one bright morning in 1868. They compared accounts, and soon fell into a difference of opinion over their financial relations. Being sensible fellows, they concluded to refer the matter to the courts for settlement, and decided upon a lawsuit, without apparently letting it disturb their friendly personal relations.

They started out to retain lawyers, and found a building near at hand full of their offices. The proposed plaintiff entered the first open door, and gave explicit directions, upon which was immediately prepared a brief petition. He made affidavit to it, and paying a retainer, ordered the petition to be filed forthwith, and went his way rejoicing.

The other went a little further down the hall, found my friend's office door open, entered, and announced his desire to file at once an answer in a suit to be brought that day. A copy of the petition was obtained, and an answer was drawn covering less than a page. The visitor duly swore to it, directed its immediate filing, paid a retainer, and went his way rejoicing.

Thus the lawsuit was duly launched, and each lawyer duly retained looked forward to sundry refreshers and reminders to follow, with probably a *per diem* charge for attendance and services at the trial. Each went his way rejoicing for many days in the strength of his retaining fee.

This, I say, was in 1868. From that day down to this neither lawyer has heard a word from his client.

The case still exists. The retainers were long since spent. But what has become of the clients remains an unknown fact.

But my story is this: One morning, very near the end of the war, I sat in my office running over the newspaper. We lawyers did not have much to do then. The war seriously affected the law business. *Inter arma silent leges.* Once in a while we had golden opportunities growing out of disputes over government contracts, quartermasters' allowances, claims against the government, and occasional criminal cases. But these did not occur often enough to prove them a custom.

My door opened, and in came two gentlemen, entire strangers, who, having been seated, proceeded to state the object of their visit. A friend of theirs, whose name they must keep concealed for the present, was in a situation requiring him to arrange at once for the aid of counsel in order that he might be ready for an emergency near at hand. I had been suggested as one who should be secured.

I expressed some hesitation at pledging my services in behalf of some unknown person against some other equally unknown. The latter might turn out to be one of my clients. I must know more about it.

"Well," they said, "we can let you know this much, and no more. The opposite party is to be the United States government, and the controversy is criminal in its nature."

This solved the difficulty, for, like the Irishman, I was always ready to be "agin the government." I accepted the employment.

They then stated that as the case was to be one of unusual importance, they desired to associate with me additional counsel, and asked me to name some one. I suggested two or three names, but especially that of my friend, Judge Jones. They mentioned Mr. Ledyard, of whose pertinacity and bull-dog persistence they had heard good accounts. If he were agreeable to me, they desired me to associate him and Judge Jones with myself. I assented, and was requested to see the two brethren, and arrange for a meeting with them and my visitors at my office two hours later.

We all met at the appointed time. The strangers repeated their story and the stipulation that until matters assumed a more definite shape—until, in fact, the crisis should come—the name of our client and the nature of his case must remain undisclosed.

Thereupon Mr. Ledyard suggested, "This is rather an unusual matter. We are altogether in the dark, and hardly know to what we are pledged. It seems an appropriate case for a retainer."

"That is a very proper suggestion," replied the principal spokesman of our visitors, "and it only remains for you to name the amount. What shall it be? Suppose you three gentlemen consult over the matter in the other room, and let us have your conclusion."

We did so. I had previously given the matter of a retaining fee a little thought, with visions of a possible fifty dollars (I was younger then).

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Ledyard, when I modestly made this suggestion; "there's something great as well as mysterious about this matter; so great that I think we must not belittle ourselves by asking too small a sum. We had better name five hundred dollars apiece. If they demur to that, ample room is left for us to come down or to insist upon fuller information."

So, with some little hesitation, we adopted his figures, and went back to the outer room.

With some preliminary hems, clearing of the throat, and suggestions rather tentative in their nature, the five hundred dollars apiece was named.

The visitor immediately said, "All right," wheeled around to the table, took out a pocket check-book, asked for pen and ink, rapidly filled out a check on a New York bank for the fifteen hundred dollars, and handed it to us.

Why had we not asked for more?

"There, gentlemen, I trust that is perfectly satisfactory. You shall have due notice when your services are needed, and will then be fully posted as to all the facts." Thus saying, they bade us good-morning.

We deposited the check. It was duly paid, and its proceeds divided and enjoyed.

We resumed the ordinary course of the profession, read the war news, wandered around the deserted courts, and talked as we occasionally met of our mysterious case. I, perhaps, took a little more interest in the study of questions in criminal litigation with the United States government. We longed for the time when we should engage in the important prosecution our visitors feared.

But that time has not yet come. We never heard a word from them, and the case still remains a mystery.

Mr. Ledyard lived some twenty-five years, and peacefully passed to his final rest. Judge Jones moved years ago to a distant city, and I alone remain to render the services when they shall be required.

Possibly the alleged friend was himself one of our visitors, and was an official who feared that he had been detected in frauds against the government, and that he was about to be arrested. Perhaps he was arrested and spirited off to Fort Delaware or Fort McHenry or to Washington city for trial, and acquitted or convicted there without our assistance. Perhaps some powerful influence was brought to secure immunity for him. Perhaps he was mistaken, and had not been detected. Perhaps he was innocent.

Possibly our visitors were missionaries of some new order for the relief of worthy but poor members of an honored and struggling profession.

Whatever was the fact, it is now too late—entirely too late—for them to hope to get back one cent of that fifteen hundred dollars retainer.

A RELIC OF THE WAR.

The following is a copy of a bill, written in lead-pencil on coarse yellowish "war paper," for second-hand crockery-ware sold at auction in Raleigh, North Carolina, January 7, 1864. The war was still nearly a year and a half from its close, so some idea may be gained of what prices rose to in the last days of the Confederacy.

2 Waiters, each $4 00	$8 00
1 Sifter	5 50
2 Stone crocks, each $2 25	4 50
6 Cups and saucers	78 00
6 Teacups and saucers	63 00
12 Plates, each $6 25	75 00
1 Glass mug	6 25
2 Steak dishes, each $15 00	30 00
2 Steak dishes, each $23 00	46 00
Teapot, bowl, and cruet	85 00
2 Pickle dishes, each $4 50	9 00
6 Salt-stands, each $2 00	12 00
1 Soup tureen	38 00
1 Gravy dish	10 00
1 Gravy dish (cracked)	2 00
5 Dinner plates, each $6 25	31 25
2 Vegetable dishes, each $18 25	36 50
Total	$540 00

AMATEUR · SPORT

The present bill before the Legislature for the preservation of game is the Gould Bill as corrected by the sportsmen's convention held recently at Syracuse. At least that is the bill sportsmen approve of and wish passed. The bill originally was reported by the Codification Committee—often called the $5000 committee—and it was so altered and doctored that the result was probably the worst bill ever presented. The present bill has its faults, but, with them all, it is by far the most sensible and able document of its kind ever presented, thanks to Horace White, Esq., whose activity in the matter brought about the meeting. The sportsmen at the Syracuse convention put themselves on record as advocating, first, the complete abolition of spring shooting; second, making open seasons of uniform length and dates; and third, making prosecutions more effective and certain. It remains now for the Legislature to answer the appeal, in which all level-headed, thoughtful citizens, whether sportsmen or not, join, and make this bill a law.

One of the worst features of the original bill was permitting the shooting of hares—"rabbits," so-called—from September 1st to March 1st, which meant that the "gunners" who hunt that kind of game and with which sportsmen do not bother, could roam through the covers at their own sweet will and kill everything in sight. The present proposed law stops all upland shooting January 1st, and it would be still better if the season for all kinds of upland game opened on October 1st, and gave no excuse for a man's going out before that date for hares, squirrel, woodcock, or anything else. Connecticut has such a law, and it works exceedingly well. Hares have young even in October, and they are not fit for food in September.

The present law permitting trout-fishing in the Adirondacks until September 15th ought to stand. The first two weeks in September is the only time the trout will rise to a fly, and is therefore, with the early spring, the choicest season of the year in that region. Deer and grouse are in season, and the trout do not spawn until October, hence there is no harm in killing a few for camp. None, however, should be transported *at any time* from the forest stream. Does should not be shot before September 1st or October 1st; bucks, on the contrary, are at their best in August and September, but are not good in October. The old bill did not mention the ruffed grouse, or any other grouse, from one end to the other. It referred to "partridge," which may mean any of a dozen different birds.

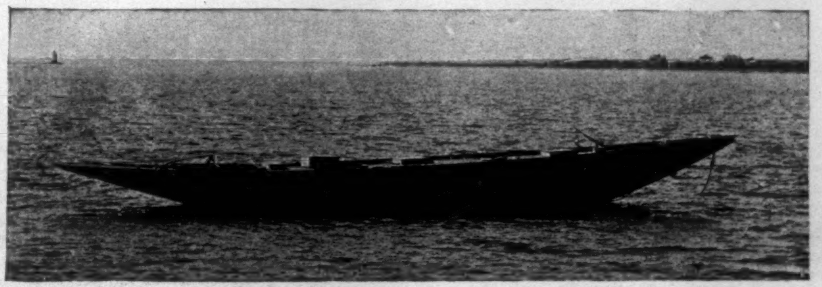
Another excellent clause in the Gould Bill is the shutting out of market all game during the close season. No more "antelope steaks" or "ptarmigan," under which names venison has heretofore been sold. Spring shooting is entirely abolished, and very justly, too; the market gunners will, of course, object, but if we wish to save any game for the next generation, we must stop spring shooting short off. In fact, we ought to prohibit the sale of wild game at all seasons.

Baseball at Princeton is looking up nicely, and Captain Young is handling his men very successfully, and with the best of judgment. The number of candidates has been reduced to 22, and on March 20th they begin to train in Professor Osborne's beautiful new club-house. At present Carruthers, of the Brooklyn (professional) club, is coaching the men, and doing it well. Brown, Humphreys, Trenchard, and Bissell are catching in very fair style. Mullen, H. Young, Drake, and Van Nortwick are trying for the box, and all have good speed, some puzzling curves, and are doing as well as could be expected at this time of the season. Carruthers appears to be particularly successful in handling the candidates for pitcher. Otto will probably play first base; he is a Freshman, but he has shown that he is made of the right stuff, and gives a very favorable impression. King will cover second base, and prove a fitting successor to Durell. Ramsdell will look after third base, and bids fair to make a reputation for himself. He is doing very well. Brooks and A. Young are nip and tuck for the position of short stop, both working hard, and pushing one another very close. Guild also is a fine fielder, but poor batter, and is therefore not apt to have a call for this position.

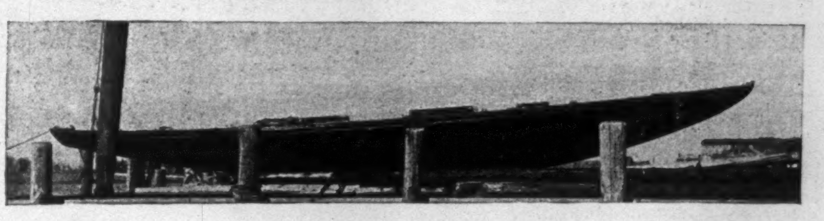
The fielders, named according to their batting ability, are Wright, Woodcock, Mackenzie, Blair, Payne, Spooner, Drake, Rowan, and Wylie. They are all playing very well, and, indeed, a general spirit of earnestness seems to possess every one of the candidates. Their work is very satisfactory to both the coach and the captain; but the especial point is their fast play, which means a great deal more than is generally understood. For new men they bat well. A novel contrivance Captain Young has instituted for base-sliding has been used with good results. Altogether, there is no reason why Princeton should not turn out a good fast team of colts. Five will lack experience, but they give more than usual promise, and will be balanced by the veterans, Captain Young, King, Ramsdell, and Brown.

At Harvard the prospects are even brighter. There are a greater number of last year's nine available, and the team will be particularly strong in substitutes. Tim Keefe, of the New York League, has been coaching the batteries daily in the cage. Of the pitchers J. A. Highlands is by far the most promising. He pitched last season for the Boston Athletic Association on its tour, and made quite a reputation for himself. Last fall he played football on the Harvard second eleven. He is a large, powerfully built fellow, weighing in training 190 pounds, pitches left-handed, and sends the ball over the plate with terrific speed. He has likewise some sharp puzzling curves. Howe and Wiggin, both substitutes of last year, are at work, and also Spalding, who pitched on his class team; but none of them approach Highlands, though the first two are very good. Bates, last year's regular pitcher, is in the Bermudas for his health, and his return is doubtful. Upton and Cobb, last year's catchers, are both back and at work—they are very good men, and will alternate through the season. The former is a great back stop, steady as a rock, while the latter excels in throwing; it takes a wonderfully quick man to get a base on him. Besides these, Corbett and Mason, the football players, are trying for positions behind the bat. The former is showing up fairly, but he will probably serve the nine better out in the field.

Bernie Trafford has not, at this writing, begun work, but he will in all probability fill his old position at first base, though he is by no means so good as he might be. He is a sure catch, but he ought to get in some practice-work on grounders and with the stick. Dickinson and Mackie are two candidates for the initial bag—the former was in the field last year. Captain Frothingham will probably play at second, and should make one of the best on the intercollegiate field.



ARCHY ROGERS'S 46-FOOTER "WASP," THE LATEST RIVAL OF "GLORIANA."



A HERRESHOFF 21-FOOT FIN KEEL.

Soule and Lowell are both candidates for the position—the former was substitute short stop last year, and the latter was captain of his Freshman nine, but he is too slow. Cook, who filled third last year, has a very good chance of doing so again, though Whittemore, who was captain of the Boston Latin School nine, is an energetic and painstaking candidate. At short, Hovey will probably play again, though he is not particularly desirous to do so, and would come out only on Captain Frothingham's urgent request. Should he fail to turn up, Soule will undoubtedly fill the position. In the field Hallowell is certain of centre; he is one of the best Harvard has ever had. Dickinson will look after left field, and for right there is Corbett. Besides these are Paine, who was on his Freshman nine, and Quigley, and some other very fair ones, to say nothing of those candidates for bases who may be disappointed. Harvard starts out well equipped for a hard season.

The resolution passed by the Columbia College Athletic Union that there would be no 'varsity crew this year, owing to lack of support and material, is a very sad commentary on the *esprit de corps* and sportsmanship of Columbia College undergraduates. Last autumn, after some very fair football material had been got together, and the captain (T. L. Chrystie) and one or two others had expended a great deal of time and labor on the team, it was compelled to disband because the undergraduates failed to support it. Now, at the very beginning of the new year, when the papers have hardly ceased putting forth the schemes for the removal of the college to other and very extensive grounds, and when a great stir is being made over the elaborate new athletic field just making, comes the humiliating acknowledgment that its students care so little for the athletic honor and glory of their *alma mater* that they will not support a 'varsity crew. And yet we hear some talk of a Columbia Club being formed! Are we to understand that the blatant vocal gymnastics which bore us at the theatre, and the more vigorous sidewalk demonstrations which include the upsetting of ash cans, are preferred by the students of Columbia to the usual and more healthful and manly exhibitions that attend the support of a crew or eleven?

Columbia has now no representation in football, baseball, or—except the Freshman crew—in rowing. The influence and personal efforts of the Mapes boys have always kept up an interest in track athletics, but if this is the spirit of Columbia undergraduates, that new athletic field looks as though it would be something of a white elephant.

The proposed meeting in track and field athletics with Princeton, to be held May 14th, at Manhattan Field, is very gratifying to those of us interested in the welfare of Columbia, and it, moreover, gives some assurance that though the undergraduates may be dead to the aquatic glory of the *alma mater*, the Athletic Committee is determined its especial field shall have full representation. The good example set is catching, for there is even a slight movement just now by a few of the workers to stir up enough enthusiasm among the undergraduates to put out a 'varsity crew. It is to be hoped they will succeed.

At any rate, there is no doubt about the interest excited by an athletic contest with Princeton. They are quite evenly matched. Princeton has a larger number of candidates for her team, but those which Columbia has thus far in working are good, and the games will be equally as exciting as the Yale-Harvard series. It is a commendable step on the part of the athletic committees at both Columbia and Princeton.

At the Walter Camp dinner recently, Professor E. L. Richards—the man to whose efforts Yale men owe their magnificent new gymnasium, and who for the past twenty years has been one of the closest observers of college athletics—devoted almost his entire speech to deprecating graduate participation. As this department has put itself on record to the same effect, the utterances of a man whose opinion must be of the greatest weight are listened to with interest, especially as he declared the guest of the evening would bear him out in his opinions. If Professor Richards, a keen observer of the rise and progress of college athletics, and Walter Camp, as thorough an expert upon the same lines, are both in favor of undergraduate teams, nines, and crews, we hope to see Yale in future give substantial heed to such expert advice. Moreover, as Professor Ames, of Harvard, and C. C. Cuyler, of Princeton, are of the same opinion that Professor Richards claims for himself and Walter Camp, it does seem somewhat curious that these four do not unite on a rule covering their ideas. While Professor Richards, however, is painting his *alma mater's* hopes and wishes in glowing colors, the connection with the working end of the Yale line is evidently broken. In a reply recently concerning the eligibility of baseball-players, word was sent down from New Haven, "Any man who is not paid, and is approved by the Faculty!"

Archy Rogers's 46-footer *Wasp*, presented in this issue, is the first of the new ones to be launched. She was described in this column last week, and, as then said, she looks as though *Gloriana* would be called on to move lively. The 21-footer fin-keel type is the first turned out from Herreshoff's yard, and is to be sent to England. She is presented to show the first of this year's type completed.

Southern football had its first important match at Atlanta, Georgia, on the 20th of last month, and the event was noteworthy enough to warrant some space here, even though out of season with us. The competing elevens were of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama and the University of Georgia, but the contest developed into an inter-State affair. The railway companies ran special trains from all points in the near States, and brought together a typical football crowd, whose enthusiasm was not to be dampened by the drizzling rain. As to the result of the game, Alabama won by superior team-work, score 10–0. The two noticeable features of the play were the strong and accurate kicking and the hard low tackling. It was a surprisingly good showing of football; every man played in earnest, and there were no exhibitions of faint-heartedness, no slowing up by the runners just about to be tackled. When new men make so good a showing in practically their first year, and have the mild Southern winter for practice, it rather goes to prove, what has been set forth here several times, that we of the North are not to hold athletic honors undisputed.

The failure of Cornell to find representation on the Board of Trustees of the University Athletic Club has been misunderstood by the college press. It was the wish of the incorporators of the club to have every prominent Eastern college represented, and an *alumnus* of Cornell was offered a position on the Board, but refused it on the ground of his being not sufficiently interested in the matter. As there was no other man in view, and time was pressing, it was found necessary to give up the idea of getting Cornell for the present. There will be an election for an Admission Committee in about a week, and Cornell will undoubtedly be represented on that committee, one of the most important in the club.

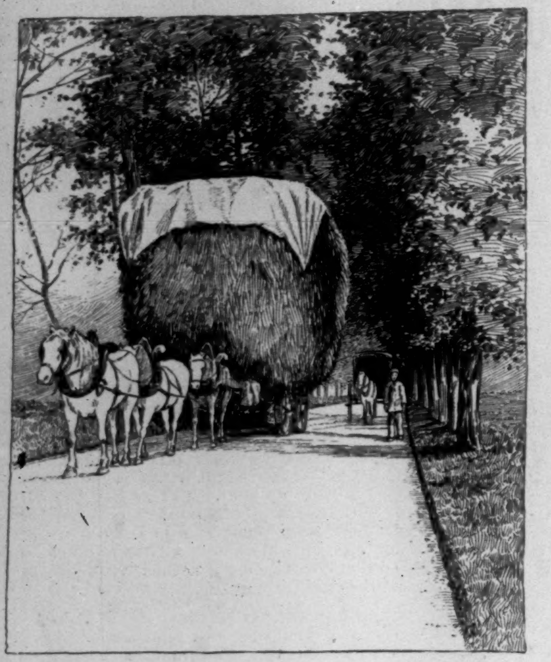
At the annual meeting of the Polo Association last week the question of doing more playing on home grounds and less travelling was discussed from all points of view. The general opinion expressed was that the interests of polo would be the better served by giving the second-class men more of an opportunity of practice with the first teams. This question was fully argued in this column some weeks ago, and the Association voted in accordance with the views expressed here at that time. One large general tournament will undoubtedly be held on neutral ground, though the executive committee have not fixed either the date or place. For the rest, each club will hold forth on its own grounds, and the season promises great advancement in amount of play over that shown last year. The Association championship cups will be held on the Myopia Club's grounds near Boston. Otherwise there were no changes, except some minor additions to the rules. The attendance at the meeting was good, and the spirit for polo keen.

The growth of athletics in Western colleges has reached a state where it demands recognition. College football and baseball teams all over the West and South are rapidly becoming expert. They have always had the best specimens of physical young manhood from which to choose, and now they are beginning to receive coaching from the most skilled graduates of our Eastern colleges. Why should not the combination result in strong teams? And I am not writing only of the (to us) immediate West, that with Chicago as a centre, but farther away—off towards the Missouri River and yet beyond—on to the Rocky Mountains.

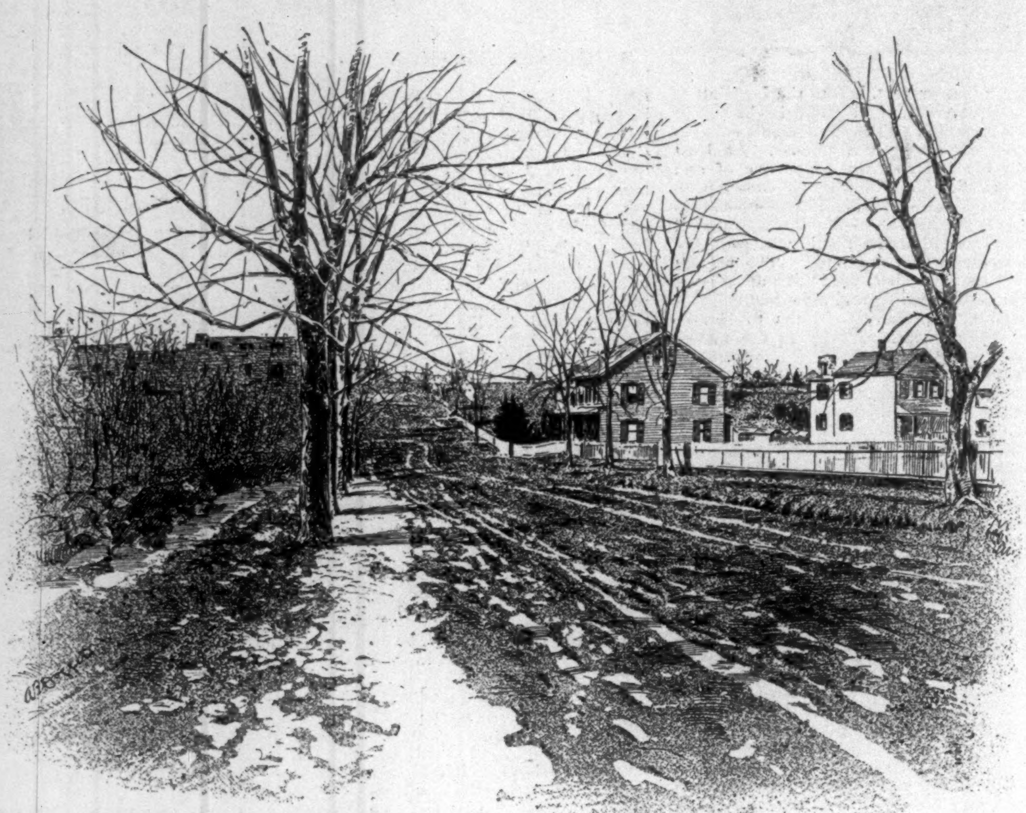
The Western Inter-State University Football Association was recently organized, with the State universities of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Missouri, located at Lawrence, Lincoln, Iowa City, and Columbia respectively, as members. The American Intercollegiate Football rules were adopted, and it is intended to play a series of one game with each member of the association, the championship to be decided by the greatest number of games won. Coming on top of this is the information that Colorado is also to work up an active interest in the greatest of all games. California, we know, already plays football, and five thousand spectators recently witnessed the deciding game of the inter-State championship between Alabama and Georgia. Who says athletics is confined to the effete East!

At just this season, when any changes in the football rules for next year must be proposed—and, by-the-way, the meeting of the Advisory Committee was not held on the first Saturday in March, as is the law and custom—it is particularly interesting to note a few of the points which our Canadian brethren have taken from time to time from our American game. The time was when it would have been rank heresy for them to deviate in a word from the old-established Rugby Union code of Great Britain. Now the rules of the Canadian Rugby Union smack not a little of the American Intercollegiate. The umpire, for instance, is the man to judge whether "any player infringes any of the rules regarding off side or obstructing." In scoring, a goal kicked from a touch-down counts 6 points, and from a drop kick, 5 points; a touch-down 4 points, and a safety 2 points. Then, too, "no player shall tackle an opponent *below the knee*." These are all of American interpolation. The Canadians have one rule which might be incorporated to advantage in our rules, and that is one which provides for the appointment by the referee of touch judges, who report to the referee where the ball crosses the lines or goal.

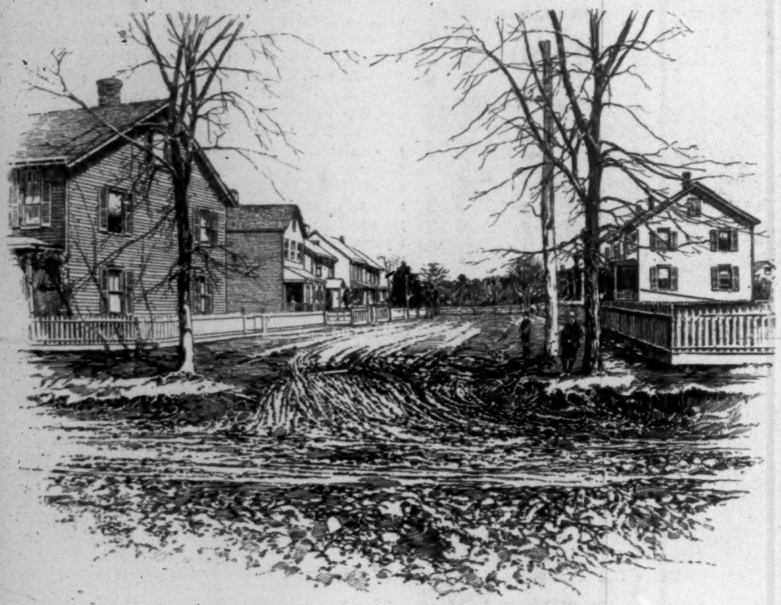
Caspar W. Whitney.



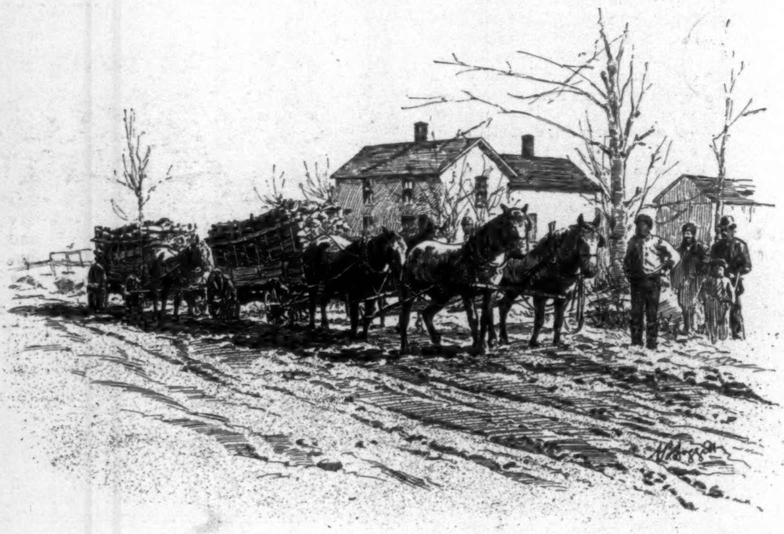
A FRENCH ROAD—ON THE WAY TO MARKET—NINE MILES.



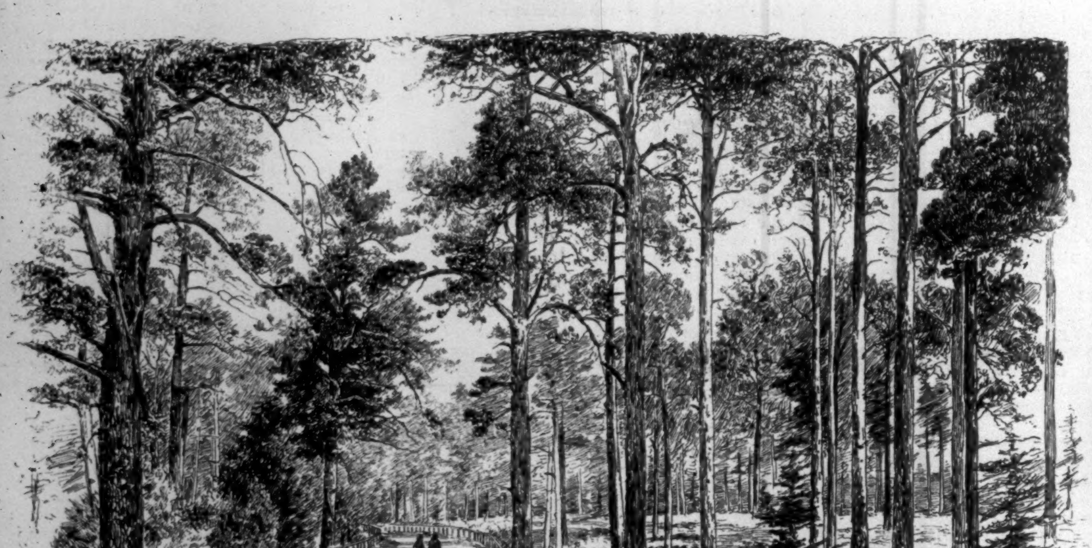
WEBSTER AVENUE, NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK.



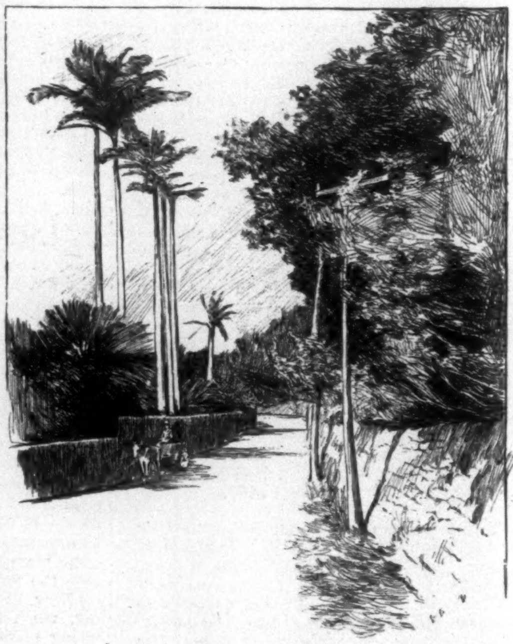
PINE STREET, NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK.



STUCK IN THE MUD ON THE MAIN ROAD, TWO MILES FROM CLEVELAND, OHIO.

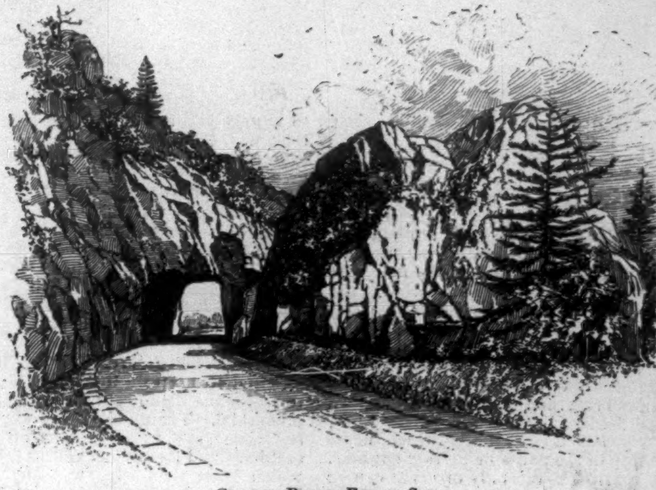


A SAMPLE SCOTTISH ROAD—THE APPROACH TO GRANTOWN.

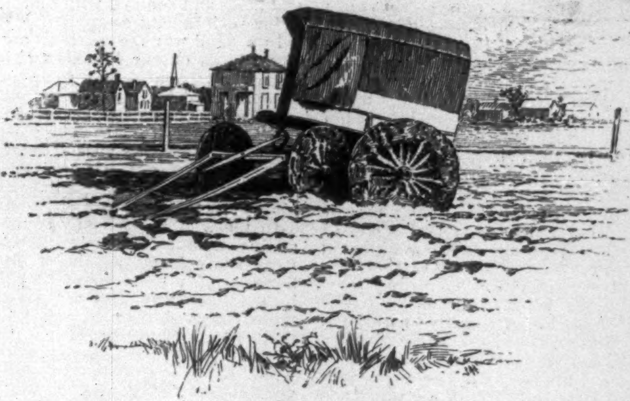


NATURAL LIMESTONE ROAD IN BERMUDA.

COUNTRY ROADS—THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.—[See Article, "The Movement for Better Country Roads," on Page 274.]



COUNTRY ROADS—FRENCH STONE.



COUNTRY ROADS—AMERICAN MUD.

THE MOVEMENT FOR BETTER COUNTRY ROADS.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 274.]

MARDI-GRAS AT NEW ORLEANS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE Mardi-gras carnival at New Orleans this year was the most successful of all the celebrations of the sort which have made the city both famous and unique during the past half-century. The quaint city never was so crowded, never entertained so generally representative an American throng of visitors. The hotels were quickly packed, and then the swarm of strangers began to invade the boarding and lodging houses, urged to make haste in selecting quarters and to pay whatever prices were asked by the myriads at their backs who came at every hour of the day and night in swarming steamboats and heavy trains of cars.

Maskers' pageants and holidays are distinctly un-American, and it was in every stranger's mind to wonder whether the promised display would not be a garish, threadbare, sickly sort of affair, half-hearted and lame, as it surely would be in any other of the large cities of the country. It is safe to say that everybody was criticising the festivities in advance. But all of a sudden, on Monday noon, there was a booming of cannon and a shrieking of steamboat whistles to announce that Rex, the King of the festivities, was making his landing down at the levee. To the reviewing platforms everybody crowded, and presently the board seats built upon the balconies of the houses along the route revealed tiers of the faces of Northern men and women, while Canal Street was jammed with a good-humored army of tens of thousands of New Orleans folk. The flags of all nations fluttered and snapped overhead, the air was weighted with the first perfume of orchard blossoms, and the sun strove to make itself seen, as it was warmly felt, through the gray sky overhead.

The crowd, which included 100,000 strangers, looked curiously at the strangely attired policemen, the lottery peddlers, the flower and candy women, the mule-cars, and the foreign-looking houses. The natives assembled in strongest force opposite the great social clubs, which here stand in a row, and stared at the guests of the members, for on the club stands were gathered the notable men, like Colonel McClure, of Philadelphia, and the famous women, like Miss Winnie Davis, who had come to witness the series of joyous public spectacles. And then came the King, rolling about on an aerial seat, high above all the heads in the street, gorgeously throned, royally habited, glistening with jewels, and attended by Mamelukes, soldiers, the women of his harem, and nobles by the dozen. That was the least of what was to be seen—the mere beginning, the overture and preface. That night came a grander parade and a ball of great magnificence. Next day, "Fat Tuesday," all New Orleans completely surrendered herself to fun and spectacle. There was a day pageant so magnificent that not a critic remained in the city. No one saw it and afterward likened it to anything either theatrical or experimental, for it was in all respects perfect and glorious—a bewildering succession of the most artistic and dazzling moving pictures. Then, at night, there was an illuminated procession, mainly of the religious and mythological heroes of Japan, on gorgeous floats, in which all the colors and lights of paint, metal, and jewels blended in the glare of the electric lights of the city and the flambeaux of the men who marched beside the trains of led-horses and the rumbling platforms. Finally, on that night, the ball of the Comus Society, in the old French Opera-house, massed together the peerless beauties of the Spanish, French, and American circles, with their gallant escorts and courtiers. The same instruments that celebrated the climax of the winter's gayety played on to herald the advent of Lent, and when the sun touched the roofs with daylight, the Mardi-gras was over, and New Orleans returned to its cares and its routine of duties.

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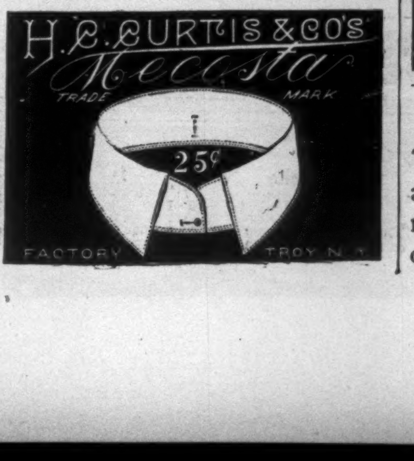

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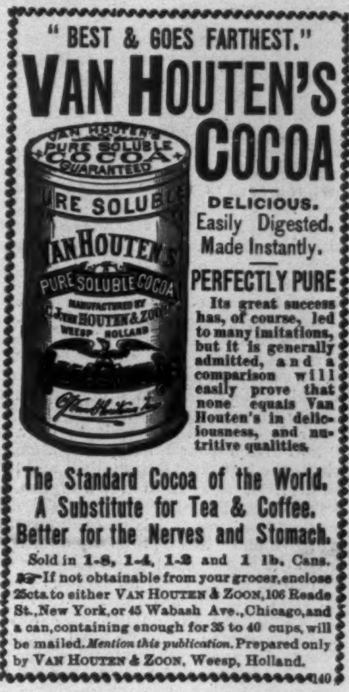

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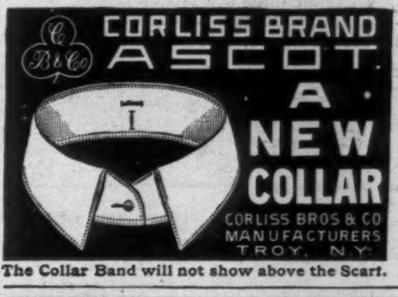

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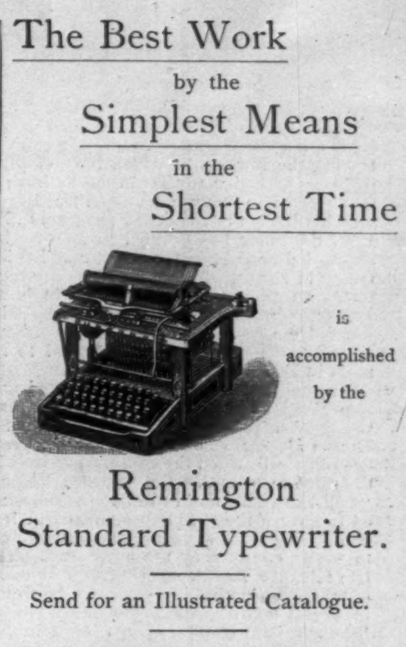

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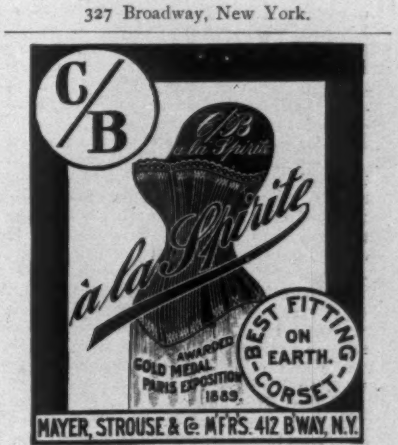

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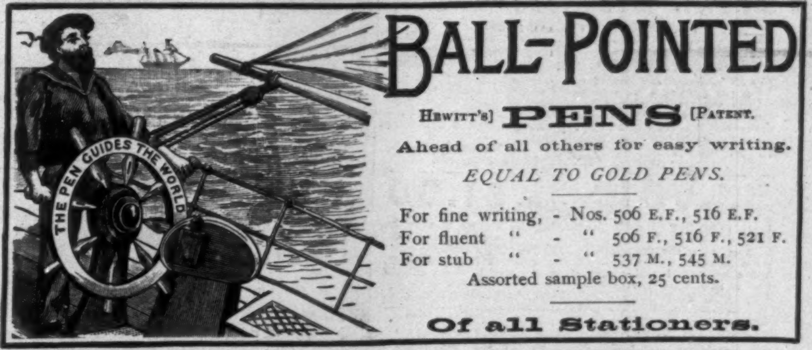

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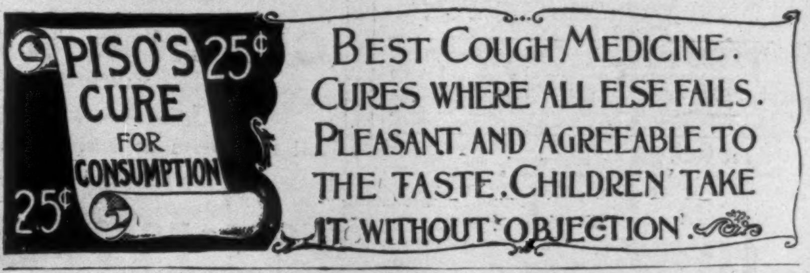

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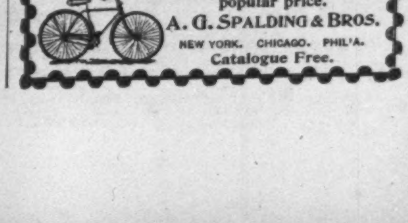

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A TROUBLESOME YOUNG TURK.

ABBAS II., the new Khedive, although but eighteen years of age, seems destined to become a source of great trouble to England. During the few weeks which have elapsed since his accession to the throne he has already given so many tokens of ill-will towards his British self-imposed protectors that Lord Salisbury has decided to increase instead of diminishing the number of British troops in Egypt. A couple of infantry regiments on their way home from India to Portsmouth, unexpectedly stopped by telegrams from London on reaching Suez, have been commanded to disembark and to remain in Egypt until further orders.

No one has been more disconcerted and astonished by the new turn of affairs than the British plenipotentiary in Egypt, Sir Evelyn Baring, who for the past ten years has practically ruled the country precisely in the same manner that the so-called English "political residents" in India are accustomed to govern the semi-independent and feudatory states of the maharajahs and princes to whose courts they are accredited. The late Khedive Tewfik was sovereign in name only, and so entirely subject was he to the masterful and imperious will of Sir Evelyn Baring that he could not even invite to dinner friends of his own who happened to have incurred the displeasure of the British minister. The latter was wont to visit the Khedive whenever the fancy to do so seized him. He would drive or ride up to the palace door, no matter in what garb, and would brook no delay in being admitted to the presence of the Khedive, who considered himself obliged to leave everybody and everything in order to receive the British representative.

A new state of affairs has been inaugurated by the present Khedive, much to the disgust of Sir Evelyn. Young Abbas has taken up his abode for the present with his mother at the suburban palace of Koubeh, near Heliopolis, the site of the only obelisk which still remains erect on the spot where it was originally raised. Every morning at eight, Abbas drives into Cairo to the palace of Abdeen, where he remains until three, granting audiences and transacting business with his ministers and officials. Thereupon he drives back to Koubeh to dine and spend the remainder of the day.

A little over a week ago, Sir Evelyn Baring, who has known Prince Abbas from his earliest childhood, and who has often had him romping with his own boys at the British Legation, happened to be out driving in the neighborhood of Heliopolis, and on his way back to the city called at the palace of Koubeh to pay a friendly visit to the boy Khedive and to drink a cup of coffee with him. Instead of being received at once, as under the former régime, he was kept cooling his heels in the antechamber for about three-quarters of an hour. Finally a native chamberlain appeared, who informed him that the Khedive regretted his inability to accord an audience to the British envoy without being notified thereof in advance. If Sir Evelyn Baring wished to see his Highness, he could do so at Abdeen during office hours. The chamberlain added that he had, moreover, received his master's instructions to draw the attention of Sir Evelyn to the fact that the garb of the latter—a gray top hat, gray frock-coat and trousers—was scarcely of a suitable character in which to present himself before the sovereign to whose court he was accredited as envoy.

"The Khedive," he added, "had learned during his stay in Europe that either uniform or evening dress was invariably worn by those who had the honor of being received in audience by royalty, and his Highness desired that henceforth the British minister would make a point of observing this particular form of etiquette."

Sir Evelyn did not wait to hear more. Dumfounded at first, he became almost purple in the face with indignation, and turning on his heel, departed in high dudgeon, which was not diminished by the knowledge that a horde of native officials and retainers of the Khedive had witnessed his discomfiture.

On the following day the Khedive caused an official notice to be published in the government gazette announcing that foreign representatives and envoys who desired an audience of the Khedive must apply for it twenty-four hours beforehand, stating at the time the subject which they proposed to submit to the notice of his Highness, so that he might have time to discuss the matter with his ministers.

This practically cuts off Sir Evelyn from all personal communication with the Khedive, and cannot fail to bring about a very serious crisis, for Sir Evelyn has in his hands all the threads of the administration, and unless he is able to see the Khedive daily and at all hours without previous notice, he will no longer be able to keep up the pretence that the Khedive governs Egypt. He will be forced either to abandon the reins of power entirely into the hands of the Khedive, which, from an English point of view, is out of the question, or else he will have to dispense altogether with all further pretence of the Khedive's participation in and sanction of his control of the Egyptian administration.

A few days after the appearance of this extraordinary notification the British authorities, Sir Evelyn at their head, were considerably startled to receive from the Khedive a demand for the evacuation of the Citadel by the two English regiments, which have been quartered there uninterruptedly since 1882. The Khedive announced that he proposed to establish his official and permanent residence there instead of at the Abdeen palace.

The moral effect of this decision among all classes has been indescribable, and the common inference is that young Abbas is determined to be no mere *roi fainéant*, like his easy-going father. The Cairo Citadel, more than any other spot in Egypt, is symbolical of Khedivial power and authority, and the effect upon the population when they see the British garrison vacating the premises to make way for the arrival of Abbas is certain to prove disastrous—that is, from an English point of view.

EX-DIPLOMAT.

THE BIRDS OF OUR CITIES.

THE building of cities shuts out most of the sky and covers the face of nature with bricks and asphalt. The smoke and soot and dust from houses and factories fill the air with unpleasant odors, while the roar and hum of the thronging multitudes frighten the feathered songsters to the solitary woods. Yet an interesting study of bird life could be made of the city sparrows, who seem to prefer the brick and mortar to the green trees and fields. In a few favored localities, every city has certain birds which make their homes in the parks or private gardens, but the sparrow is the only one that can be said to inhabit every part of the towns. In some of the large cities tame pigeons have made their nests in the inaccessible nooks and corners of the high buildings and churches, where the carved masonry offers just the kind of retreat which every descendant of the rock-pigeon loves. In the parks many species of song-birds may be found at certain seasons of the year, where they are fed and cared for during their short sojourn.

The sparrows love to crowd together in large places, picking up a living from the dust-bins and dirty streets of their narrow quarters. They are no solitary hunters of winged and creeping insects in waste places; they always grow fat from their natural feeding-ground in large cities, where they practically have the world to themselves. The ancestors of the English sparrows followed long ago in the wake of the Aryan invasion of Europe, and since then have tenaciously haunted the footsteps of the conquerors of the globe. Over a quarter of a century ago they were imported to this country to protect the shade trees from the ravages of the inch-worms, but now they have multiplied so rapidly that to many they appear a greater nuisance than the destructive worms. Their multiplication is so rapid that they invade annually new territory at the rate of 130,000 square miles.

The love for city life which the sparrows evince probably saves the farmers and fruit-growers many thousands of dollars, for if they should suddenly take wing for the farms a flight of locusts would be nothing in comparison to the destruction which they could work. Hundreds of thousands breed annually in the large cities, but they are distributed around so that their numbers are not noted. Among the lowest tenement-house districts they live and chirrup with the same freedom and pleasure as those roosting in more fashionable quarters. In the spring of the year they gather the litter from the streets and sidewalks to build their nests, and shortly from the sooty cornices of some high structure dozens of young fledglings will fill the air with their noise. The old birds become frantic in their endeavors to supply the hungry ones with food, and they will scour every part of the city for crumbs, grain, or seeds, often showing the greatest bravery in trying to capture some article from the very jaws of a sly cat. Very few morsels can escape the sharp eyes of the invincible sparrows, and often when the city sleeps in early morning they are up busily gathering food from the silent avenues. The second brood of young ones will be brought forth before the season is over, and the life of the parent sparrows is kept full and active all through the warm months.

In the cities two broods a year are almost essential to keep up the ranks of the sparrows, for the high death rate among them is proverbial. Thousands die of exposure every winter, and as many more are killed in accidents and from other causes. The risks which beset their life are many, but they bravely face them rather than seek the woods and fields and contend with other birds for a living such as nature supplies.

In a small way the sparrows are the scavenger birds of our Northern cities. They clean the streets of dirt, scraps, and many decaying articles. They are insatiable eaters, and one large flock can consume an immense amount of food. The noise made by one or two sparrows when a feast is discovered will soon attract hundreds of others, and in a few minutes a scolding and chirruping will be heard a block or two away.

In the winter-time many of the sparrows remain with us. They shelter themselves from the cold storms under the eaves of houses and in the cornices of public buildings. Frequently they are frozen stiff in these sheltered perches, and they drop to the hard pavements below in a lifeless mass of flesh and bones. Again, the whistling wind blows them from their hiding-places, and, caught in the fierce gale, they will sometimes be swept around until dashed lifeless against a stone building. Not infrequently they will tap on the window of some house where they have been fed crumbs, humbly begging for admittance. If the window is raised, they will gladly enter, trusting their lives into the hands of their natural enemies rather than risk the storm outside.

The sparrows find all sorts of places to build their nests, but generally they are in some nook or corner of the roofs of the houses where no one can reach them. Even the sly cats cannot climb up to these nests, and as night-hawks seldom visit the city, they are comparatively safe from these enemies. But frequently strong summer gales will blow dozens of nests from their places, and scatter their contents in the streets below. From this cause alone many sparrows are killed annually.

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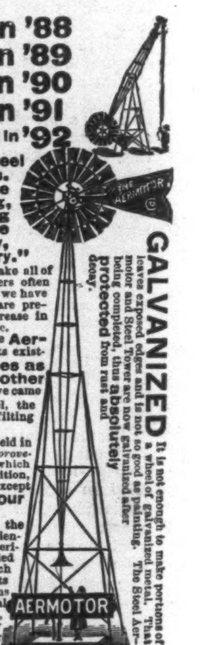

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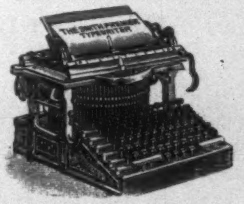

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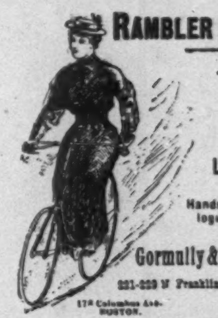

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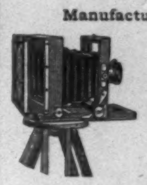

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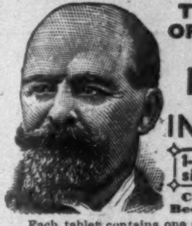

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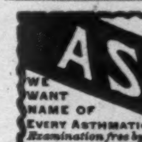

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